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Atlantic Insight

March 1982, Vol. 4 No. 3



20 Cover Story: The Newfoundland group that calls itself the Wonderful Grand Band won the hearts of folks at home, and grabbed the attention of international record companies, with a combination of rock, ethnic sounds, satire, comedy and a whole bag of tricks

uniquely their own. Now the experts say they need to make a few changes. They'd rather do it *their* way. It's a way that's, well, wonderful grand.

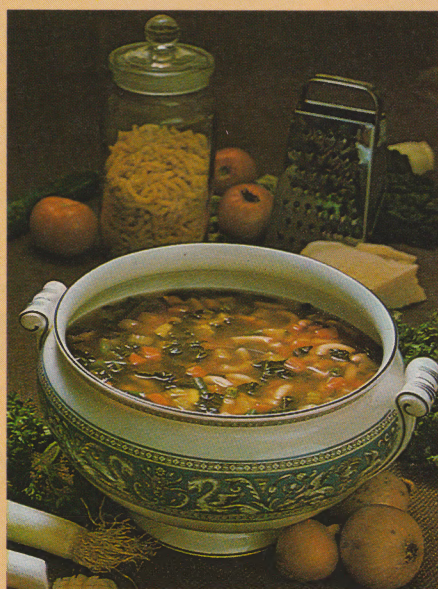
By Stephen Kimber

COVER PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID NICHOLS



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Travel: Though the cold winds blow and the snows recede ever so slowly, we're not—honest—alone in the great white north. Down many streets in Sweden you'll find things and people that remind you of home, plus a special charm that's purely, unforgettably Swedish.
By Sandra Gwyn



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Food: For centuries people have known about the tempting, tummy-pleasing spender of great soups. You can make them from exotic, expensive ingredients, or from whatever's left in your fridge. Either way, any way, they're delicious

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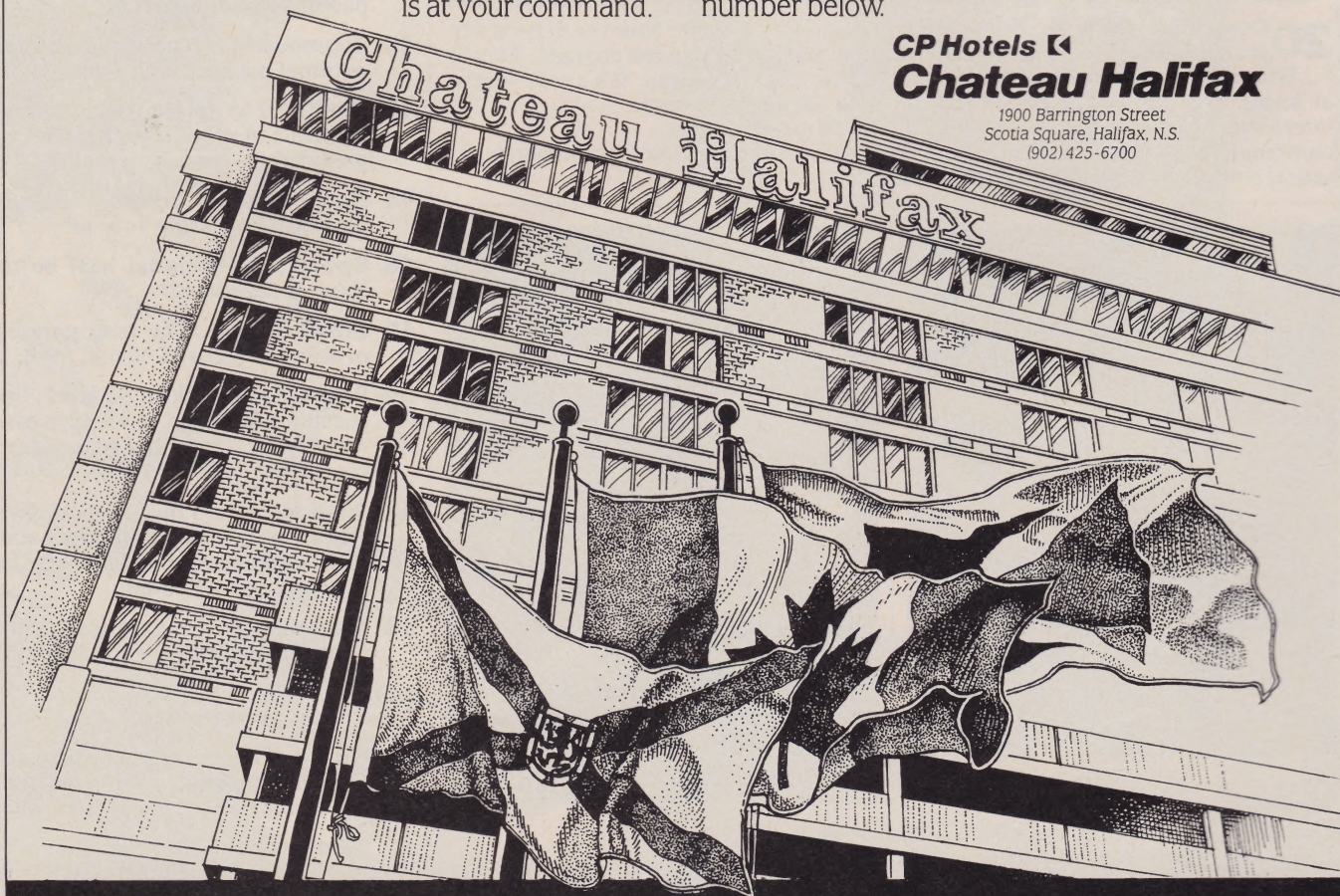
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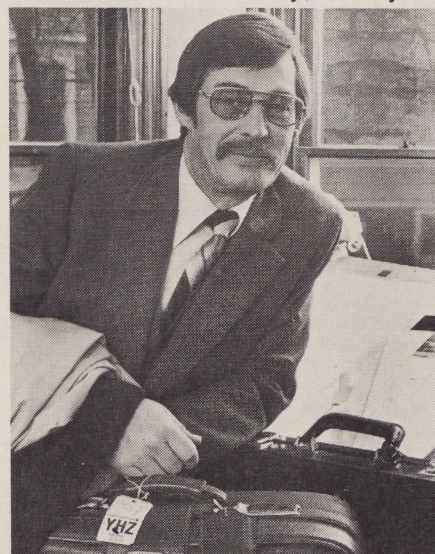
Editor's Letter



When *Atlantic Insight* first began publishing, three years ago next month, one of the earliest rumors that went the rounds was that it wasn't really produced in Atlantic Canada at all. We, in Halifax, with our network of correspondents and contributors all over the region, were supposed to be some kind of elaborate (and, presumably, very expensive) front for publishing interests in Ontario.

At first we were annoyed. Then we were amused. But always we felt just the slightest tinge of guilt because, to tell the truth, there has always been an Ontario skeleton in our company closet. Which is hardly a flattering, much less an accurate way to describe Bill Richardson.

Bill has been art director of *Atlantic Insight* since the magazine began—in fact, since *before* it began. And Bill is of, from and, until recently, mostly in



DAVID NICHOLS

Richardson: Designing the crisp, clean look
Toronto. Once every month, for the past three years, he has boarded a plane in his home city, flown to Halifax, and put down his suitcase in his high-rise apartment on Spring Garden Road, about five minutes' walk from our office. Then, for the next 10 days or so, surrounded by his drawing board, pens, pencils, colored markers and the other tools (or toys) of his trade, not to mention a deskful of galleys, photographs, illustrations, slides and whatever else was in the works for that month, he has designed the look of each issue of the magazine. His job may be the least understood and, possibly, the most underrated of anyone on our full-time staff.

There's supposed to be an ancient, traditional rivalry on magazine publications between the word-people (editorial) and the picture-people (art and photo-

graphy), with each side claiming that theirs is the most important part of the operation. The truth is that any publication attains success only by means of a skilful combination of both. Since the beginning, readers have been telling us that they like not only the stories but the crisp, clean look of the stories (the layout, as we call it) in *Atlantic Insight*. The layout is the responsibility of Bill and his art staff.

His career began with a three-year art course at a Toronto vocational school, followed by his first job in an art studio in 1953 (assumed, as he is fond of reminding us, when he was a child of nine). He covered the range of agency art jobs—assembly, lettering, retouching—turning out materials for people who sold power tools, electrical wiring, consumer goods, pharmaceuticals—and quickly moving into art direction and creative direction with a whole series of Toronto advertising firms. His longest stay in one place was eight years which, in the high-turnover, high-blood-pressure business he was in, almost amounts to gold-watch status.

By the early Seventies he had his first flirtation with moving from Toronto in the form of a job offer from Winnipeg. The romance fizzled when he accepted another offer in Toronto but by then he'd begun to tire of the endless power plays and internal politics that plagued the Toronto ad world. "I was ready to say the hell with it," he says, "I'm sick of the whole business."

He dabbled in real estate speculation, sometimes quite profitably, and formed his own company, Richardson Innovations, to handle freelance art assignments. Then, in 1978, he got a call from a former colleague, now working for a Halifax ad agency. The agency's boss was Bill Belliveau, another alumnus of the same Toronto ad firm and they'd just lost their art director. Would he like some work?

So began Bill's series of commutes. He worked on tourist promotion programs but soon after he arrived, he became aware of Belliveau's plans to establish a new regional magazine. He helped develop the format for the market research that preceded the magazine, designed the promotional material for it and eventually designed the magazine itself. His design philosophy is simple: "You should be able to pick up the magazine, leaf through it and know, without looking at the cover, that it's *Atlantic Insight*."

In a tantrum-ridden, foot-stamping trade, Bill is so laid back he could almost pass for an Atlantic Canadian, which may be convenient, because, at the first of this year, he decided to move his base of operation to Halifax, commuting back to Toronto to see his family. It's been nice having him around since '79. It's going to be nice having him around more often.

Marilyn MacDonald



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FEEDBACK

Colville: Another dimension

Harry Bruce's cover story on Alex Colville in your December issue (*"The Most Important Realist Painter in the Western World"*) is just fine. Nice to read more about this private Renaissance man and less about the style and movement he has been taking the rap for for years. Unhappily, reproductions of paintings edit out the art leaving an illustration—an inaccurate image of printers' dots. The reproduction of "Refrigerator" is a case in point. I saw this work in the flesh at Mira Godard's gallery several years ago. A stunning and disturbing work, but not so reproduced. The technique, the size (large) conspire to make the viewer aware of another dimension which here I think is TIME. A narrative painting giving an indication of past and present, but when that refrigerator door is finally closed one feels the inevitable darkness and the future will be gone, as will this couple in their prime and their intertwining cats. That life is transitory. It has affected many viewers in this way. Painters are often astounded at the endless interpretation given the iconography in their work. And doing that is what makes it all interesting and fun.

E.S. McNeill
Westmount, Que.

Alcoholism is no joke

I find it hard to believe that Alden Nowlan (*It's Time to Get Tough with Teetotalers*, Opinion, November) expects any person with even a scant knowledge of present-day events to take his comments seriously. His biased, one-sided article reads more like a sick joke. The Canadian Medical Association's Council on Health Care reports that alcoholism is costing Canadian taxpayers \$1 billion per year in lost production, \$800 million in medical costs as of 1971 (much higher today) and that 50% of all traffic fatalities involve the use of liquor. From studies in British Columbia, California and, more recently, Ontario, we are well within the mark when we say that the social welfare costs are far greater than the revenue coming to the government from liquor sales. How can one put a price tag on human life? I wish Mr. Nowlan could have accompanied me the day I visited the home of lonely parents who had lost an only son, the innocent victim of a drinking-and-driving accident which claimed three young lives. Will the tax that driver paid on his liquor return those young people to their parents?

J.W. Bartol
Windsor, N.S.

No swearing, please

I am writing in response to an article by Stephen Kimber entitled *Buchanan's Tories Gear Up for '85* (Nova Scotia), which appeared in your January issue. I

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FEEDBACK

enjoyed the article very much and commend Mr. Kimber for his rather interesting observations regarding last fall's general election campaign in Nova Scotia. His article captured the very essence of our interview that day. However, I must take exception to one point. That is the use of the Lord's name, attributed to me in a quote. I do not use it in conversation.

*John M. Buchanan,
Premier,
Halifax, N.S.*

From the mouths of babes

In your December issue there was a story about the five kids in Queens

County who killed themselves (*Five Kids in One County Kill Themselves. Why?* Health), followed immediately by Alden Nowlan's piece about kids and under-standing adults. It struck me, most likely because of the juxtaposition of the articles, that in the Queens County story there was not one single quote from the kids who live in the county. I feel certain that they could shed some light on the problem, and I challenge *Atlantic Insight* to send a reporter down to Queens County to interview the kids and report the rest of the story in a future issue.

*Virginia Bell
Beaconsfield, Que.*

Outside the fold

While I want to compliment Parker Barrs Donham for his generally accurate piece about the plight of the New Democratic Party in Nova Scotia (*What Next, Alexa?*, Nova Scotia, December), there is one point on which I do not agree with his appraisal. This is McDonough's apparently having persuaded Donham that she is "heartbroken" about the losses in industrial Cape Breton. For the cause of these losses is the policy Alexa McDonough and her father, the magnate Lloyd Shaw, worked for years to achieve. The Shaws had heady visions of putting Akerman out of commission and driving me out of the fold, so that they could bring to birth their own new world from the ashes of the old. Now the successful implementing of the Shaw formula has completely changed the character of the Nova Scotia NDP. As one who gave the best years of his life to building the party in the 1960s and 1970s, I have to say today that I do not recognize the Shaw creation as being what I was fighting for at all. No party led and controlled by the corporate elite can pretend to be of, for and by the common people. This is the dilemma the Shaws are going to face more and more as they attempt to show that their outfit is the "New Democratic Party."

*Paul MacEwan, MLA
Halifax, N.S.*

Mr. Donham states that Mr. McEachern, NDP candidate in Cape Breton Centre, lost the October, 1981, election by 349 votes. He lost by 464 votes according to the deputy returning officer. The same McEachern won over the Tory candidate in the 1978 election by 2,000 votes, and Dr. Laffin, the 1981 Tory candidate, overcame that and won by 464 votes. In 1981, the Liberals only dropped 800 votes—hardly a collapse as stated in the article, while the NDP dropped 500 votes in the October election.

*Mary Currie
Dominion, N.S.*

The last straw

I began subscribing to *Atlantic Insight* about two years ago. It was, at that time, an interesting magazine, decent and clean. It remained that way until about eight months to a year ago, then it began its slide downhill. Ray Guy's column has steadily deteriorated from shocking to the pit of the gutter, but the one in the December issue (*A Christmas Lament for a Child's Loss of Faith*) was the straw that broke the camel's back. If my subscription has not run out, cancel it immediately! I do not want it on my property, unless it is in my stove when I have a hot fire going. It is rather unfortunate that this magazine has sunk to the low it has. It was good informative reading, suitable for all members of my family and I really enjoyed reading it.

*Bruce Porter
Lewisporte, Nfld.*

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Socking it to the poor in Atlantic Canada

Ottawa has a scheme for saving money on unemployment insurance payments: Take it from the region with the worst job problems

By Parker Barss Donham

Imagine the minister of Employment and Immigration rising to speak in the House of Commons: "In view of soaring unemployment rates," he begins, "the government has decided to save money by cutting back on programs that help people cope with hard times. I am introducing amendments to the Unemployment Insurance Act that will substantially reduce payments in provinces hardest hit by chronic unemployment, while slightly increasing payments in the wealthiest provinces. Most of the savings will come at the expense of Canada's poorest citizens and those least able to find work. However, a few wealthy Canadians could receive increased payments."

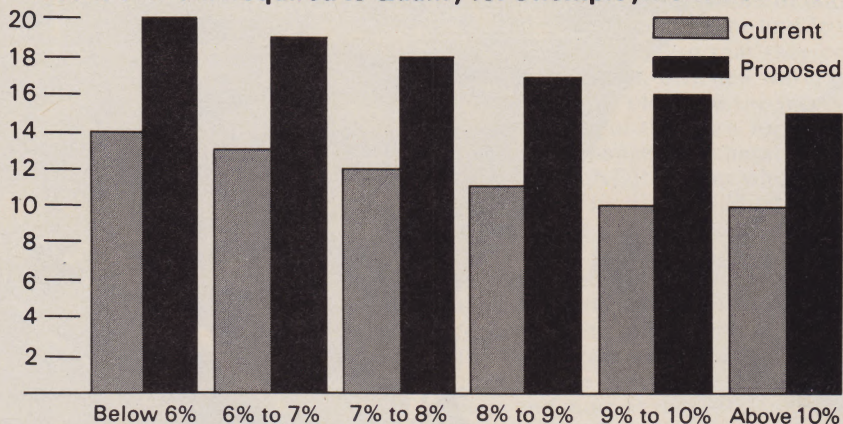
Naturally, Lloyd Axworthy never made any such statement. But according to community groups, labor unions and social service department officials in the Atlantic provinces, that's exactly what he's proposing.

At issue is a series of sweeping changes to the Unemployment Insurance Act (see box) proposed by a task force Axworthy established 21 months ago. The task force, made up solely of Employment and Immigration officials from the department's Ottawa region, was supposed to find ways of making the unemployment insurance system simpler, fairer, less costly and more likely to encourage work. Instead, says Memorial

changes in the unemployment insurance program."

Even the task force admits that Atlantic Canada would shoulder a disproportionate share of its proposed reforms. Forty percent of the \$220-million savings expected from the proposals would come from the Atlantic region, and Newfoundland alone would account for nearly \$47 million. At the other extreme, Saskatchewan and Alberta would actually get more money under the changes. Says

Weeks of Work Required to Qualify for Unemployment Insurance



In December, the regional unemployment rate was above 10% in all parts of the Atlantic provinces except Halifax County and Nova Scotia's South Shore, where the rate was between 8% and 9%, and the Saint John region of New Brunswick, where it was between 9% and 10%. The national rate was 8.6%; the rate in Alberta was 4.5%.

University sociologist Robert Hill, who studied the task force report for the Community Services Council of Newfoundland, it produced "a recipe for the social destruction of rural communities in northern Newfoundland and Labrador." New Brunswick Social Services Minister Leslie Hull says that after seven years in the portfolio, "this is the first time I've been seriously worried about

Hill: "A province with less than 2% of the Canadian labor force, with the highest unemployment rate and the lowest per capita income, is hit with over 20% of the national cutbacks."

By far the most contentious changes are proposals to lengthen the period of work required to qualify for benefits, and shorten the duration of those benefits. The task force says tougher require-

What Ottawa proposes

The report of the Task Force on Unemployment Insurance recommends the following changes in Canada's unemployment insurance system:

- An increase in the number of weeks an employee must work to qualify for unemployment benefits. The current requirement ranges from 10 to 14 weeks, depending on the local unemployment rate. The task force proposed a 15- to 20-week range.
- A simpler method for determining how long an unemployed worker can receive benefits. The proposed system would shorten benefits for those (like seasonal workers) who qualify after brief periods of employment.
- Elimination of the special, longer

- qualifying periods now applied to repeaters, employees who recently joined (or rejoined) the work force and those seeking maternity or sickness benefits.
- Simplifying the complex rules governing maternity benefits and extending benefits to adoptive parents. The "Magic 10" rule, much maligned by women's groups, would be dropped. It disqualifies a pregnant employee unless she worked at least 10 of the 20 weeks that immediately preceded the 13th week prior to her due date.
- Elimination of retirement benefits, but more flexible sickness benefits.
- A simpler definition of insurable work so that more part-time workers would qualify for insurance.

- An increase in the maximum insurable earnings from the present \$315 per week to an amount equal to the average weekly earnings in Canada, currently about \$350.
- Doubling the current six-week disqualification period for those who quit work voluntarily or are fired for just cause.
- Increasing the portion of unemployment benefits that must be paid back at tax time by employees whose annual incomes are well above the national average.
- Pegging the federal government's share of unemployment insurance costs at 15% of the total (compared with 22.5% in 1980 and 49.7% in 1978).



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Socking it to the poor in Atlantic Canada

Ottawa has a scheme for saving money on pharmaceuticals through a program. Table 1 shows the impact with the major pill problems.

In Atlantic Canada, the government has a scheme for saving money on pharmaceuticals through a program. Table 1 shows the impact with the major pill problems.

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Table 1: Impact of the program on major pill problems



Table 1 shows the impact with the major pill problems.

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(SEE PAGE 57)

What Ottawa proposes

The report of the Task Force on the Pharmaceutical Industry, published in 1987, recommended a number of changes to the pharmaceutical industry.

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ments will increase the incentive to work and might encourage people to move in search of jobs. Critics in the Atlantic region question the assumption that finding work is simply a matter of individual effort. "That's not my experience," says Albert Fogarty, Prince Edward Island's minister of Social Services. "An awful lot of the work here on the Island is seasonal, and to find the extra two or four or six weeks of work would be impossible for most people."

Memorial University's Hill points to a 1978 Economic Council of Canada study that found 50 unemployed workers

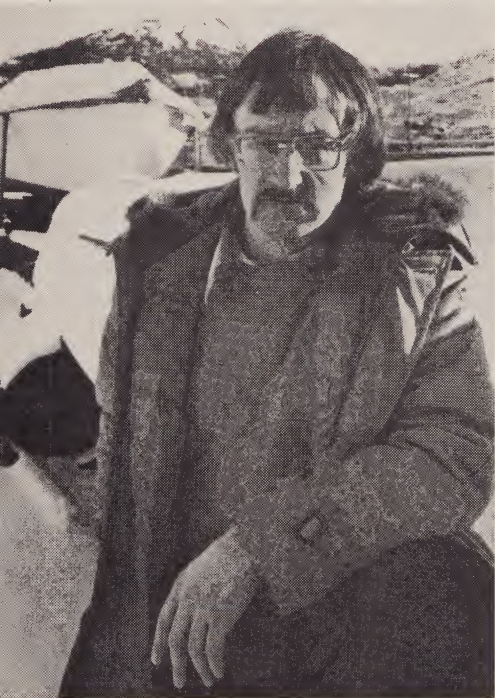
precisely to give unemployed Newfoundlanders enough work to qualify for unemployment benefits.

Although most Canadians might sympathize with Ottawa's goal of holding down the cost of unemployment insurance, few realize that amendments to the program over the past few years have already drastically reduced the federal government's share of the program. In 1978, Ottawa paid \$2.49 billion, or 49.7% of the entire program. By last year, that figure had plummeted to \$1.1 billion, or only 22% of total program costs. The task force would peg the figure at 15%.

If the Atlantic provinces appear certain to suffer most from the task force changes, the effects in rural parts of the

region will be even more extreme. Typical rural industries—fishing, woodwork, tourism—not only have short seasons, but also tend to be the only game in town. A laid-off worker in Halifax may have other possibilities open to him, but if the fish plant in Dingwall, N.S., stays open for only 10 weeks, where is a plant worker expected to find the extra five weeks needed to qualify? "The impacts in those areas will be devastating," Hill says.

The task force proposals also seem likely to hurt the area's poorest households. The projected \$220-million savings represent the net result of various changes, some of which will save money and some of which will cost money. The



DAVID NICHOLS

Hill: "The impacts...will be devastating"

for every job vacancy in Newfoundland—a ratio three times the national average and 12 times the rate in Alberta. "With the best will and effort in the world," Hill says, "there is no way that anything more than a small minority of the unemployed can find work."

Task force spokesman Gary Dingle-dine disagrees, citing figures from 1977, when the qualifying period in Newfoundland went from eight to 10 weeks and virtually everyone found the extra two weeks of employment. "People screamed and kicked and said they couldn't get the extra weeks, but somehow they got them," Dingle-dine says. "We don't know precisely how individuals did that, but we have the data that show the result." Similarly, in 1978, when the qualifying period was raised to as much as 20 weeks for claimants who had recently joined the work force, there was "a whopping increase in the number of claims established with...exactly the number of weeks you needed to get in."

Penelope Rowe, executive director of the Community Services Council of Newfoundland, replies that 1978 also saw a fourfold increase in the cost of provincial make-work projects designed

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THE REGION

problem is that the cost-saving measures are aimed mostly at lower-income workers, while the changes that increase benefits will flow mainly to wealthier families. For example, employees deprived of benefits by the longer qualifying period would presumably include some of the poorest Canadians. On the other hand, improved maternity benefits, although widely acclaimed, will go to a disproportionate number of households with more than one breadwinner. Such households have above-average incomes for unemployment insurance recipients. The proposed increase in the

maximum insurable earnings is expected to yield more from premiums than it costs in benefits, but the benefits will go exclusively to the highest wage earners among unemployment insurance recipients.

Social services ministers in the region are alarmed by the prospect that workers cut off from unemployment benefits may end up on provincial welfare. They say the stigma attached to social assistance demoralizes workers, so the switch from unemployment insurance to welfare tends to be a one-way street. "My experience has been that once you get them

onto the assistance rolls, it's much more difficult to get them back off those rolls and into the labor market when conditions improve," says New Brunswick's Leslie Hull.

Fishermen often use part of their income from unemployment to replace or repair damaged gear, and to make instalment payments on vessels or equipment. Unlike unemployment insurance, welfare requires a means test, and amounts are limited to minimum household needs. Fishermen forced onto the welfare rolls by the task force changes may find themselves unable to stay in the fishing industry.

The task force predicts increased welfare costs of \$300,000 in P.E.I., \$2.7 million each in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and \$8.7 million in Newfoundland. Half of these costs would be picked up by the federal government under cost-sharing arrangements, but provincial officials believe the estimates are far too low. In P.E.I., for example, the task force predicts 500 people will be disqualified from unemployment insurance by tougher entrance requirements. "We don't accept that number," says Fogarty. "We see the real number being at least twice that."

In one crucial respect, the task force report has already shot wide of the mark. Virtually all of its predictions assume a national unemployment rate of 7.5%. Yet within five months of the report's publication last July, the seasonally adjusted national unemployment rate had hit 8.6%. Few economists are predicting a significant decline within the next year or two. "When you're in a downturn," says Nova Scotia's deputy-minister of Social Services, John Angus MacKenzie, "it's not the time to penalize those who are going to be hurt by that downturn."

Employment and Immigration's Dingleline admits that the failure of the task force to foresee the increase in unemployment has weakened the case for its proposals. But he still believes "the program is quite a mess and needs attention." Francis McGuire, Axworthy's assistant for the Atlantic region, insists that when legislation is presented to Parliament late this spring, it will reflect the Atlantic provinces' objections to the task force report. He hints at a compromise on the length of the qualifying period, with a system that is "more sensitive to changes in the unemployment rate."

The precise nature of that compromise depends largely on Axworthy. Social services ministers who met with him late last year report that they got a sympathetic hearing. "I think he found out, really for the first time," says P.E.I.'s Fogarty, "that Atlantic Canada is suffering worse than the other regions of Canada."



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A man and a woman are shown in a romantic setting. The man, wearing a light-colored cable-knit sweater, is leaning over the woman, holding a lit cigarette. The woman, wearing a red and white striped shirt under a grey vest, is sitting on a large rock and looking up at him with a smile. The background is a soft-focus autumn forest with warm orange and yellow foliage.

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Can sunny Jack MacIsaac thaw the Tory-labor freeze?

Nova Scotia's new Labor minister will need all his celebrated charm and energy to end the cold war with labor. He just might do it

If Jack MacIsaac isn't Nova Scotia's best-liked politician, it's only because he isn't as well known as some of the others. Certainly, he's the province's least-disliked major political figure. As one commentator said when MacIsaac was named minister of Labor in last December's shuffle of the Conservative cabinet: "He's as affable and approachable a politician as there is, and immensely popular in his heavily unionized constituency of Pictou Centre."

MacIsaac, 42, will need all his celebrated charm and energy if he's going to cast off the anti-union millstone the Conservatives have worn since they entered office more than three years ago. While leaders of organized labor didn't exactly throw their hats into the air when MacIsaac was appointed, they were quietly optimistic that better relations with the Buchanan government might be in store. Both by background and personality, MacIsaac, they thought, would be more sympathetic to their cause than predecessor Ken Streach.

Labor's optimism was short-lived. Just one week after MacIsaac put his feet under his new desk, Premier John Buchanan started yanking at the rug. In an impromptu session with a CBC reporter, Buchanan said his government might limit the right to strike in essential services. It was a vague sort of statement. The premier had no idea what services might be considered essential; the whole thing was still in the study stage, he said, and a royal commission might be appointed to look at the situation in other jurisdictions. He hoped organized labor would co-operate.

Reaction from labor was as predictable as it was immediate: Outrage and the promise to fight to the bitter end any restrictions on free collective bargaining. By early January, Chester Sanford, the new president of the N.S. Federation of Labor, said that \$25,000 had been earmarked for a public education campaign. Plans were also made for a special conference in February to deal with this latest threat from an apparently hostile government.

Government-labor relations have been in the deep freeze since former minister Streach introduced the "Michelin Bill"—a 1979 amendment to the Trade Union Act that made it virtually impossible for the United Rubber

Workers' union to organize workers at a Michelin Tire plant. When determined opposition failed to halt passage of the legislation, the Federation of Labor sent Streach and the government to Coventry. They refused to meet with the minister and, for the first time ever, presented their annual brief to the opposition parties instead of the cabinet. Labor representatives also quit the province's joint labor-management study committee.

Even without Premier Buchanan's December musings about compulsory arbitration, MacIsaac's task of wooing labor would have been tough. Now it's tougher. But it's not impossible. For one



MacIsaac: "I'll be up front"

thing, labor realizes that ostracizing the government has something of the quality of biting off one's nose to spite one's face. The government holds most of the high cards, as last October's election results showed. Despite labor's best efforts to defeat the Buchanan government, the Conservatives increased their share of the popular vote and saw their seats increase from 34 to 37 in the 52-member House of Assembly.

For another thing, Gerald Yetman is no longer president of the Federation of Labor and Chester Sanford is. During his six years in office, Cape Bretoner Yetman proved to be volatile, loud-

talking and abrasive. Sanford, a former Dartmouth alderman, is, by comparison at least, soft-spoken, thoughtful and conciliatory.

Then there's MacIsaac himself. If he can get along just half as well with his new "constituents" as his old, a thaw is inevitable. During his 18 months as minister of Municipal Affairs, MacIsaac was, as Halifax County Warden Elizabeth Lawrence succinctly puts it, "super." Says Lawrence, "He gives off warmth and empathy and listens sensitively to what you say." Chester Sanford is more restrained. MacIsaac, he allows, has "a very glowing type of personality, and we don't dislike him as an individual. But he's only one minister and he won't necessarily solve all the problems. He's a member of a team that doesn't always play by the rules." Still, the Federation of Labor has agreed to present its annual brief to the cabinet this year.

A Great West Life insurance agent before he entered the Buchanan cabinet as minister of Social Services in 1978, MacIsaac has a suitable background for the Labor portfolio. Born in the coal-mining town of Inverness, he moved early to the coal-mining village of New Victoria. It was there that his father, John Archie, was killed in a mine accident when John Angus was 12. Jack has lived with his wife, the former Evelyn Chisholm of New Waterford, and children, Heather, Ian and Ross, in New Glasgow for the past 21 years.

MacIsaac's big smile from a moon face, together with a long record of community service, made him a natural for politics. He entered the House of Assembly in 1977 via a byelection. An avid piper, he's been director of the New Glasgow Ceilidh Pipe Band and president of the N.S. Pipers and Pipe Band Association. He was also active in the militia (N.S. Highlanders) and the St. Andrew's Society.

MacIsaac has no illusions about his new job, and he refuses to talk about the troubled past. "If [labor leaders] like me, it's at least a starting point," he says. "I won't try to turn back the clock or rebuild the wheel. It may take months or longer to rebuild a relationship between labor and myself, first, and then the government." He also points out that "labor-management relations are as important as labor-government relations." In a time of economic downturn, he sees himself as a conciliator between labor and management—a role in which the government of Nova Scotia hasn't distinguished itself in recent years.

As for labor, he promises, "There'll be no ambush from me. I'll be up front and when we disagree, I hope we won't guillotine each other." If Jack MacIsaac ever has to give labor the chop, he'll do it with good will and a smile on his face.

— Harry Flemming

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Bay Roberts inches toward oil prosperity

As a major oil port of the future, it could play Peterhead to St. John's Aberdeen. That is, if things ever get started

While St. John's and Halifax fire shots at each other about which city is best equipped to be the centre for administration of the offshore oil industry, a second Newfoundland centre is getting ready to cash in on the oil boom. Bay Roberts, population about 5,000, is an 89-km drive from St. John's. And, if development plans proceed, it will become Port Atlantis, a major oil port servicing exploration and development off the coast of Newfoundland and Labrador.

The man behind Port Atlantis is an old neighbor. Former premier Frank Moores is from the nearby town of Harbour Grace and his big plans for Bay Roberts include wharf and warehouse construction which will transform the town from a declining Newfoundland

regulations, the government must approve a site before a company can develop it for any offshore activity—one way by which Newfoundland hopes to control the adverse effects the oil boom may have on local economies and ways of life.) Fishing was Bay Roberts' major industry until it went into decline after the Second World War. But even as late as 1965, the town was the largest salt fish producing centre in the province. But, although there are still some salt fish producers in Bay Roberts, most of the employment in the town comes from six wholesale distributors who use it as a centre for servicing the whole Conception Bay area.

Moores says there's no need to worry about the fishing industry because "there's not enough fishing there now to

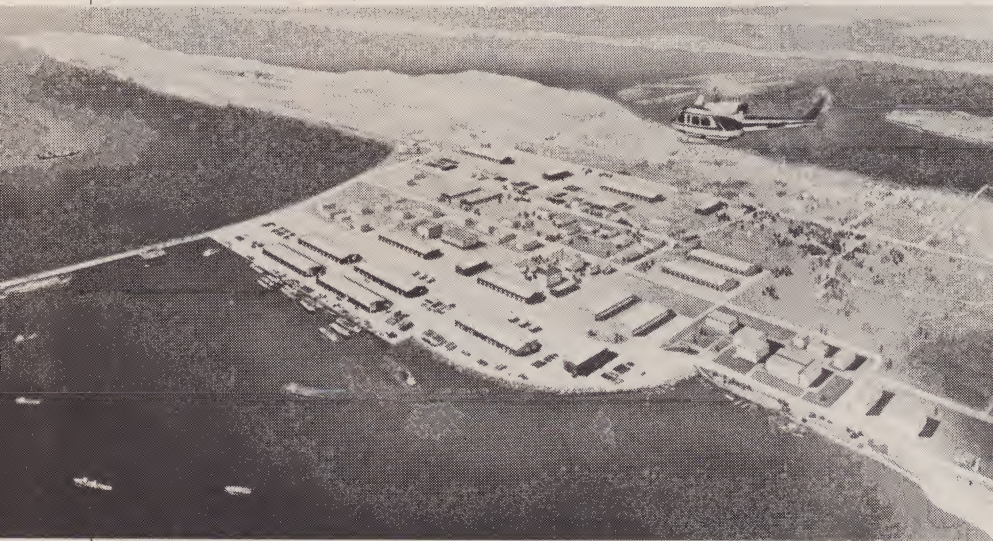
their offshore activities. And that won't happen, he says, until the jurisdiction dispute is settled. The company has bought up some waterfront properties, like the Avalon coal and salt facility, to lay a groundwork for future development. But Moores is taking a very cautious approach. "We're going to do the least we have to, to be ready when things start to happen," he says. "The tens of millions of dollars needed to start the project won't be spent until the two governments get their act together."

It's no secret that Moores is no fan of Premier Brian Peckford's hard-line stance in negotiating the offshore deal with Ottawa. Peckford was not his choice as successor to him in leading the provincial Conservative party. He wanted a more pro-business person in the top office and his favorite at the party's leadership convention in March, 1979, was Bill Doody, now a senator. Peckford, a teacher and social worker, isn't seen as a heavy sympathizer with the problems of Newfoundland's millionaire capitalists. Moores disagrees not only with Peckford's get-tough-with-Ottawa stance, but also with the premier's tight control over all aspects of offshore development. "There's got to be some realism on the part of the province," Moores says, "especially when you look at the major companies here who have gone under—and sideways. It makes you wonder who'll be left to take advantage of this great Utopia we're all talking about."

Time is the crucial thing and time, as Moores knows, is money. His plan, using a parallel with the development of the North Sea oil industry in Scotland, would see Bay Roberts become the Peterhead to St. John's Aberdeen. (The general manager of Moores's firm, Alex MacKay, managed an Aberdeen service company, then set up the huge offshore base at Peterhead, a nearby fishing town.) But there are other potential Peterheads in the offing. Businessmen Tom Collingwood and Craig Dobbin have their eyes on the town of Botwood in central Newfoundland. Marystown, on the south coast, and Argentia are also favored sites for oil port development.

Moores is playing it cool for now, but he knows his cautious approach is costing him, and others as well. He says he and other businessmen in the province can't afford to wait much longer.

"There doesn't seem to be a sense of urgency from the provincial government," he says. "Look what it's costing in employment. It may pay off in the long term to move slowly, but what entrepreneurs are you going to have left in the long term?" — **Marie Wadden**



An artist's concept of Port Atlantis

fishing centre to a place where oil rigs will come to be serviced and pick up supplies.

Moores's partner in the venture is the Montreal-based Lavalin company, one of Canada's largest engineering concerns, best known for its work on the James Bay hydro project and the Montreal Olympics. (Lavalin's Newfoundland boss is Claude Rouleau, former head of the Olympics' installations committee.) So far, however, the partners have met more often than not to rake over their mutual frustrations at the snail's pace of the development.

The provincial government first held the project up while it worried about whether the community could handle the impact of such a large development. (Under the province's new petroleum

feed a cat." Mayor Wilbur Sparkes and his council seem to agree. The mayor says Port Atlantis would be welcome and the council, concerned about the town's high rate of unemployment, isn't noticeably worried about the influx of people which might accompany a large development.

Some homeowners near the development site feared that their houses would be expropriated. But Moores's main concern—settlement of the federal-provincial jurisdictional dispute about who owns what's offshore—ensures that any attempt to buy people's homes is a long way off. Although the province finally gave his company the go-ahead for Port Atlantis last spring, Moores says the development won't be visible in Bay Roberts until the oil companies expand

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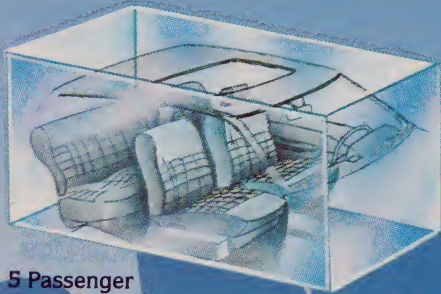
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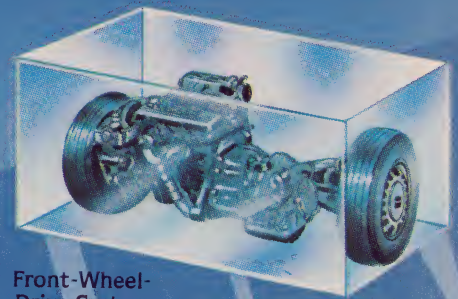
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Burton Flynn battles the feds for the right to fish

Critics call the licensing system which lost Flynn his right to fish scallops a shambles. His lonely battle against the bureaucrats has won him the support of even competing fishermen

As grey swells heaved along the MV *Sea Scanner's* blue hull, Burton Flynn and the four-man crew of his 54-foot scallop dragger shivered. But there was more than cold on Flynn's mind. He knew he had no licence to fish where he was fishing, almost within sight of Digby, N.S. He had tried for over a year to get one, and been baffled by regulations so complex even the federal fisheries officers who enforced the rules sometimes admit they do not understand them. At last, he had simply sailed, unlicensed, from his home port of Head Harbour on Campobello Island, N.B.

A patrol cutter had already arrested the *Scanner* once, 24 hours earlier. The vessel and crew had been released that morning. Late in the day, the cutter reappeared and the *Sea Scanner* was arrested for a second time. Her catch, worth \$7,000, was given away.

Flynn was charged with two counts of fishing without a licence for pursuing a livelihood he considers his birthright. "I live in the Bay of Fundy," he says. "I've fished in the Bay ever since I was 15 years old." His defiance of the rules made by landlubber bureaucrats is fast making him a hero to thousands of fishermen in Atlantic Canada. "He's got a tremendous amount of support in the industry," says Allan Billard, executive director of the Eastern Fishermen's Federation. "The licensing system is really unfair."

In theory, an inshore fisherman like Flynn—there are 20,000 in the Maritimes alone—needs three licences to operate legally: A boat licence, a personal licence, and an entry permit for the species he wants to fish. In practice, the system is a patchwork tangle of inconsistencies. The kink that ultimately tripped up Flynn dates back to 1973, when scientists realized the Bay of Fundy's scallop stocks were being overfished, and fisheries officials decided to limit the number of entry permits issued for the scallop fishery. According to Pierre Comeau, regional director for field services with Fisheries and Oceans Canada, the department voided all the existing licences and issued new ones only to vessels that had fished actively in 1972. They awarded 50 permits immediately, and have doled out another 49, on an irregular basis, since then.

Flynn's boat, the *Sea Scanner*, was licensed for scallops in 1972, and Flynn

feels he is eligible for a new scallop permit. But Comeau claims the vessel did not actually fish in 1972, whether authorized to do so or not, and is therefore ineligible.

Such departmental rulings might carry more weight if the whole history of licence awards weren't riddled with special cases and exceptions. Entry permit licences were meant to apply to individual fishermen. Instead, they've become associated with individual boats. A fisherman who wants to acquire an entry permit can do it, in theory, at least, by buying a boat which already has one, and there's a brisk market in boats bought and sold solely for that purpose.

But the department also gets to rule on the validity of licence transfers. The rulings are made by hundreds of fisheries officers in more than 200 centres around Atlantic Canada. The officers don't release the policy guidelines which govern the decisions they reach, and Comeau himself admits the rules are applied unequally. Small wonder that few fishermen are willing to buy his hair-splitting argument in the Flynn case.

"It's a shambles," Billard charges. "There's only so many licences to give out, and there's hundreds of shore-based interpreters. He [Flynn] is probably right, but he's stuck on a technicality and it's up to the mood of the guy who has to say 'yes' or 'no' on that day." Appeals are

difficult. The Maritime Regional Appeals Board that turned down Flynn's appeal, the New Brunswick fisherman complains, has only one member from his province; the majority are Nova Scotians.

Even fisheries officers aren't happy with the licensing system. The department has had three separate studies of the system in five years. Fishermen in the Northumberland Strait between Prince Edward Island and New Brunswick may soon win the department's approval to try an alternative approach which would put an end to licences associated with boats, and allow only full-time fishermen to acquire new entry permits. But even that limited reform is controversial. Hundreds of part-time fishermen fear they will be edged out of a fishery worth nearly a quarter of a billion dollars a year.

For Flynn, an early February court appearance held the prospect of a \$5,000 fine or a jail term of up to 12 months. But even with a suspended sentence, he has little hope of escaping bankruptcy. His \$136,000 vessel is idle. He has had to sell his car; his phone has been removed and the mortgage on his house is about to be foreclosed. His wife, Dawn, and eight children face a bleak future.

If he has any consolation, it may be found in the support his plight has drawn from far beyond his own island. Even the fierce competition between fishermen from the Bay of Fundy's two shores—boats have exchanged gunshots over prized fishing grounds—has been submerged in support for his battle against the government.

A Nova Scotia scalloper, Elton Holliday, telephoned Flynn on Christmas Day to offer him a set of unused scallop drags to replace those impounded during his arrest. "He's welcome to it," Holliday says. "I'd like to see him get his licence and go fishing."

— Chris Wood



Flynn: A hero to thousands of fishermen

AL CORRETT

Should you drink if you're pregnant?

The question is very much in the news these days.

Studies are being done in many countries to determine the effect of alcohol on unborn children, but because the investigation is still so young, and because mothers' lifestyles are so varied, medical people have yet to reach a unanimous conclusion.

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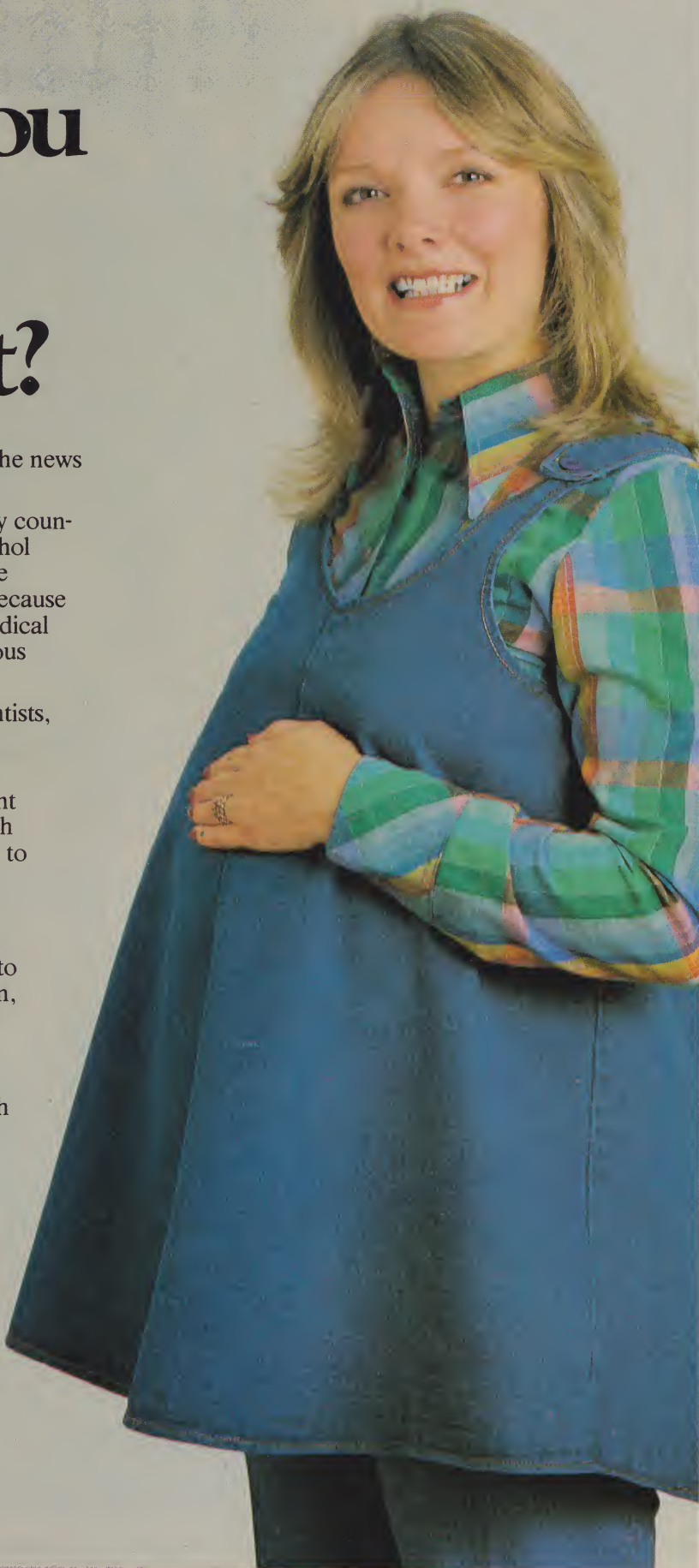
If you drink, it's more important than ever to be moderate. Too much beer, wine or spirits can be harmful to the child you're carrying—and not good for you, either.

Because you want to do what's best for both of you, you'd be wise to ask your doctor for guidelines. Then, of course, follow them—even if the decision is not to drink during your pregnancy.

After all, nothing is more worth celebrating than the birth of a healthy child.

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Wanted: Three little megawatts

While the rest of P.E.I. waffles on nuclear energy, Summerside goes shopping for its own little share of Lepreau power

When a severe snowstorm cut electric power lines between New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island in January, most Islanders were left in the dark for three days. Not citizens of Summerside, though. The town fired up its own generators, and the lights went back on in Summerside within hours.

Summerside's plant produces only about half as much electricity as the town needs during peak periods, so the seven oil-fired generators are used mainly in emergencies. But the plant gives a sense of independence to a town that, in energy matters, marches to the beat of its own drummer. Unlike the rest of the province, which is on a see-saw on the question of buying nuclear power from New Brunswick's Point Lepreau plant, Summerside appears to have made up its mind. It's coolly going ahead with efforts to buy its own tiny share—3.6 megawatts—of Lepreau power.

Those efforts fly in the face of the current provincial government line on nuclear energy—although the policy could change. When the Conservative government was elected in 1979, it made good on one election promise by cancelling a contract—negotiated by the previous Liberal government—to buy 30 megawatts of Lepreau power.

The Tories contended that Lepreau carried too many risks, both environmental and financial. The contract locked P.E.I. into paying part of Lepreau's capital costs, which were escalating steadily. And the province would have to continue paying for power even if the plant didn't work or had to be shut down. There was also a contingency payment—the cost of an insurance policy—that would have to be paid over the predicted 30-year lifespan of the plant even if it shut down in a few years' time.

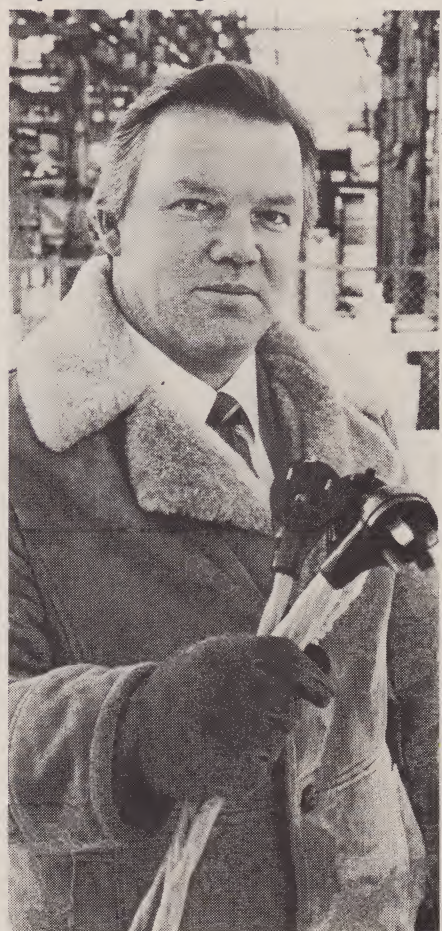
Summerside officials say they're willing to take some financial risks with Lepreau, simply because it's the cheapest and most inflation-proof source of electricity available. "Nobody wants to step on anybody's toes," says Mel Campbell, Summerside councillor and chairman of the town's electric committee. "We want co-operation, not confrontation. But our backs are against the wall. We see a real crisis ahead in electricity."

Normally, Summerside buys electricity from Maritime Electric Ltd., the Island's privately owned power company, and then sells the power to its 4,500 customers for 11 cents a kilowatt hour,

slightly cheaper than the 12 cents other Islanders pay. In January, after a long dispute over rates between Summerside and Maritime Electric (the town is appealing the most recent rate increase in the P.E.I. Supreme Court), the company gave notice it plans to end the present purchase agreement in two years' time. That means Summerside may have to shop elsewhere for power.

One source could be New Brunswick's Dalhousie plant, which supplies part of the power Maritime Electric sells to Islanders. But Dalhousie's generators depend on coal and oil, and Summerside officials estimate that Dalhousie power costs, now about 10 cents per kilowatt hour, will double in 19 years. Lepreau, due to start producing next month, would sell electricity for 6.8 cents this year, and the price would remain fairly stable over the next 10 years.

Summerside started making overtures last year to N.B. Power for a share of Lepreau's 630 megawatts. In November,



Campbell: "Somebody's got to protect us"

town officials appeared at National Energy Board hearings on N.B. Power's application to export 115 megawatts of Lepreau power to the United States. Summerside argued that Canadian utilities should be assured access to Lepreau before American ones. "We have the highest utility rates in North America," Campbell says. "Somebody's got to protect us."

N.B. Power has said it will gladly sell nuclear power to Summerside—so long as the P.E.I. government gives the deal its blessing. That doesn't appear to be forthcoming. P.E.I. Energy Minister Barry Clark notes that the province would be ultimately responsible for financial commitments made by the town in a power-purchase deal. "It would automatically put the province at risk too," he says.

Liberal leader Joe Ghiz, a nuclear power advocate, says: "I wish them well. But the province owns the cable [between New Brunswick and P.E.I.]." Ghiz says the simplest answer is for the Island government to buy nuclear power for the whole province—on a user-pay basis, not through a contract that ties it to Lepreau's costs.

"It's a nice deal if you can get it," says Tom Richardson, an electrical engineer and energy consultant to Summerside, who helped negotiate the Island's earlier contract with Lepreau. "Every would-be premier can always come along and say that." That kind of deal is uncommon, Richardson says; even the two American utilities buying power from Lepreau will be hooked into Lepreau's capital, maintenance and shutdown costs.

When Ghiz was elected Liberal leader last fall, he immediately started calling for an election on the nuclear power issue. These days he's changed his tune somewhat, saying that he simply wanted to focus attention on the power issue.

Meanwhile, the Tories continue to advocate alternative energy sources such as natural gas, hydroelectric power from Labrador and, on a smaller scale, wind- and wood-fired generators. For the government, nuclear power is a political risk: It can't go for nuclear energy without breaking one of the election promises it made three years ago. But in the two years left in its term, it will have to come up with some answers to the Island's ever-increasing energy costs. Given the right circumstances, nuclear energy could be one of them.

Summerside has been trying to get moral and financial support from Ottawa for its proposed energy deal with Lepreau. P.E.I.'s Energy minister doubts that the feds will back Summerside. But if Ottawa is prepared to start sharing the financial risks of nuclear energy bargains, he says, even the provincial government might do some rethinking on its nuclear stand.

— Rob Dykstra

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Star-spangled dreams for a wonderful, grand band

The record companies are dangling international fame and riches in front of Newfoundland's favorite music and comedy team. The catch? First it has to make some big, big changes

By Stephen Kimber

*Sonny's dreams can't be real,
They're just stories he's read
They're just stars in his eyes,
They're just dreams in his head
And he's hungry inside for the world
outside
And I know I can't hold him
Though I've tried, and I've tried,
and I've tried**

The man from the record company was, as he put it, simply blown away by the number and the scope of the different things they could do so well. In his 20 years in the music business, he told them, he'd never heard anything quite as daringly, delightfully different as the album they'd just produced and released. Imagine, the very idea of mixing together the energy of driving rock and roll with the toe-tapping, good-time feeling of souped-up Newfoundland jigs and reels with the sweet, suffering, soul sounds of country music, and then throwing in the familiar riffs of mainstream pop-rock and the frenzied, off-the-wall zaniness of new wave for good measure.

And hey, their stage show! No question, it was pure genius. What other band would mix comedy into its live performances. Take that satire on television commercials by the band's two comedians, the one in which a housewife compares her pile of laundry with another woman's whiter-than-white pile. ("I can taste the difference," the housewife says, then adds, her voice rising, "I'm jealous, I'm jealous, I want her detergent, I want her laundry, I want her kids—they're brighter. I want her house, I want her husband, I want *her*—sexually.") Brilliantly funny stuff.

They were, if he could steal a phrase from the local idiom and make his own little joke, just a "wonderful, grand" band. And yes, of course, he wanted to sign them to a recording contract. Upfront money, take your time in the studio, international release, saturation promotion, North American tours, riches beyond your wildest dreams. Anything you want. But first, there were a few things they should get straight...

For Newfoundland's Wonderful Grand Band, the incredible, crazy irony is that what now threatens to be its worst of times should come smack in the middle

of what is surely its best of times. Three years after its accidental beginning as a house band for a St. John's CBC-TV production, the Wonderful Grand Band must choose between what the record company offers for the future and what the band now has—an established place as the most successful and best-loved centrepiece of Newfoundland's musical and cultural renaissance.

The problem, quite simply, is that the man from the record company, who claims to love everything the group does, also wants to change almost everything it's been doing so successfully since 1979. The company wants the band to rerecord its most recent album, for example, replacing its musical eclecticism with a uniformly pop-rock sound that will be easier to promote internationally. And the company would also be happier if they'd not only abandon their comedy routines (humor doesn't fit the accepted image for a pop-rock group) but also move to Toronto, closer to the centre of the North American music industry.

The choice—building slowly on the solid foundation of regional success or abandoning Newfoundland for the bright city lights—won't be an easy one to make. The eight band members come from diverse musical and theatrical backgrounds, and the wonder is that they've managed to stay together as long as they

have. "Two baymen, five townies and a mainlander," jokes guitarist Glenn Simmons. "It's a deadly combination." Simmons, 28, is a bayman from Green's Harbour. He'd played Newfoundland jigs and reels at country nightclubs as a kid, but thought he'd finally put traditional music behind him when he moved to St. John's at 17 and began playing in hard-driving rock and roll bands. He was initially skeptical of the idea of mixing traditional music with rock and roll, in fact. He took a job with the band only "because it was a paying gig. I never thought it would last." By contrast, Ron Hynes, 31, a singer-songwriter from Ferryland on Newfoundland's east coast, was a frustrated folksinger on the Ontario coffee house circuit who'd spent seven years unsuccessfully peddling his original songs to Toronto publishers. Then, Sandy Morris, 33, a CBC studio musician in St. John's, invited him back to St. John's to work with Simmons, Morris and a few others in a band for a television show. Hynes jumped at the chance.

Fiddler-songwriter Jamie Snider, 31, the band's only non-Newfoundlander, wasn't part of the original group. He came to St. John's from Ontario in the early Seventies with an Irish group and fell in love with the place and its musical traditions. He had, however, abandoned both St. John's and music for a more practical life of furniture moving and house painting in his native St. Catharines when the band asked him to replace a departing fiddler early in 1980. The WGB picked up bassist Ian Perry, 27, who'd been working with local rock groups, at about the same time. Paul (Boomer) Stamp, 25, a St. John's-born drummer who had toured in the U.S. and Canada with various rock groups, joined after the band's original drummer tired of the road. The band's two resident



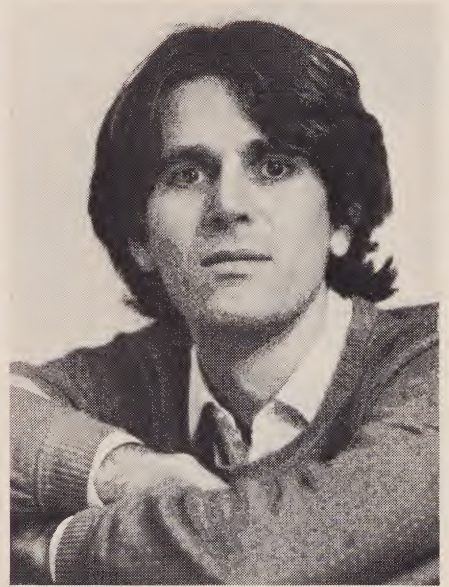
Guitarist Glen Simmons



Singer-songwriter Ron Hynes



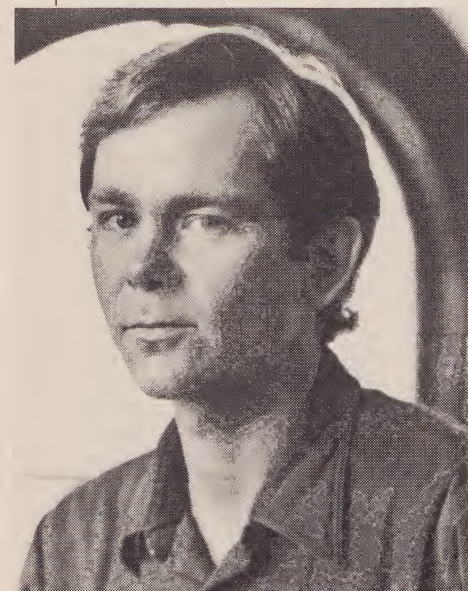
Regulars on the television show include groupies Mavis and Carmel Ann



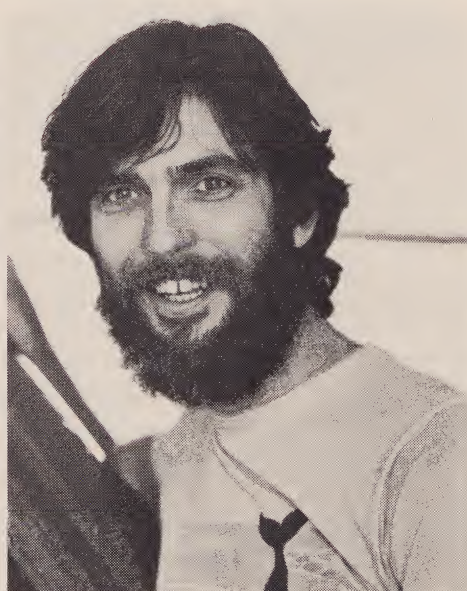
Comic Greg Malone



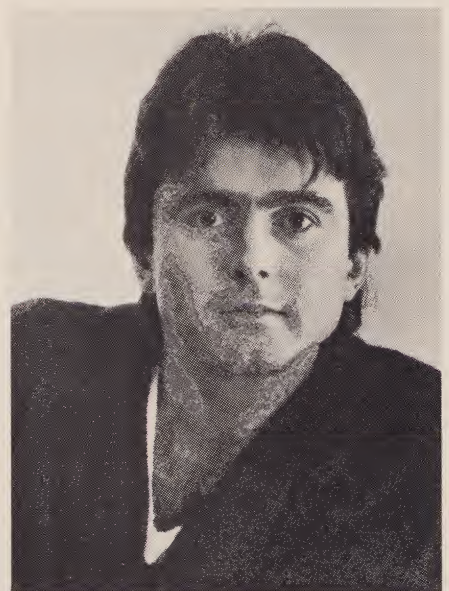
Bassist Ian Perry



Fiddler-songwriter Jamie Snider



Guitarist and group organizer Sandy Morris



Comic Tommy Sexton

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Sexton (left) as a child and Malone as a nun in orphanage skit

comics, Greg Malone, 33, and Tommy Sexton, 25, are both veterans of CODCO, the Newfoundland theatrical group that was so popular in the Seventies.

There have always been ego clashes: Glenn Simmons says he had trouble in the beginning adjusting to the idea "of playing driving rock for two songs and then just stopping cold for a bit of comedy," and Tommy Sexton admits that he and other members sometimes "have felt like we're not being spotlighted enough." But the group's members appear to get on surprisingly well. One possible explanation for that, Sexton suggests, is the simple fact of the Wonderful Grand Band's success. "None of the things any of us have done before—CODCO, bands, acting, singing, dancing—has made us nearly as popular as we are today as part of this group," he explains. "It's something that's always in the back of your mind when you feel like you're not getting enough personal satisfaction out of the group."

In Newfoundland, the Wonderful Grand Band's popularity is unquestioned; it has become, in fact, a valued cultural treasure. Last fall, the Port of Halifax placed an ad in *Oil Week Magazine* extolling the city's symphony orchestra and cultural amenities while dismissing St. John's, its chief rival for the role of principal east coast oil servicing centre, as a cultural backwater. St. John's Board of Trade president Rick Emberley responded simply. He invited journalists and oil industry representatives to "come on down to the Strand and see the Wonderful Grand Band." That wasn't nearly as easy as it sounded. The group's regular performances at the Village-in-the-Strand, a nightclub in a downtown shopping centre, were invariably sold out. "Some nights," remembers Sandy Morris, "four and five hundred people would be lined up for three and four hours to get in to see the show. Some of them would still be waiting to get in when it was all over because the people

who did get inside didn't want to leave."

Thanks to its St. John's-produced CBC-TV series, *WGB*, now in its second season, the group has now become even more popular in its home province. Last year, *WGB* was the fifth most-watched program in Newfoundland. The shows take place in the mythical Grand Hall, where the band plays under the watchful eye of the club's neanderthal owner, Mr. Budgell, its mean-minded accountant, Mr. Bratt, and its not-too-bright secretary, Phyllis. Besides those continuing characters, Malone and Sexton also recreate for TV some of their famous stage characters, including Swami Pumphrey, a radio hot-line host, and Mavis and Carmel Ann, two Newfoundland groupies in love with the band's lead singers, Hynes and Simmons. ("A girl should know de difference between love and sex," gushes Sexton's Carmel Ann, "and wit Glenn, I really tinks I could.") "What's de difference, girl?" demands Malone's Mavis. "Long as yer getting it.")

Because of its television exposure (the group also performed last year on CBC-TV's network New Year's Eve special) and its unique stage act—a high energy mixture of a half-dozen musical styles spiced with off-the-wall humor that makes audiences feel, as Greg Malone puts it, "like we're all having a great fun party up there"—the band can now command fees that start at about \$10,000 for a one-week nightclub stand almost anywhere in the Atlantic region.

The band spent much of the past two years touring the Atlantic provinces, with occasional forays into Ontario. The live performances help sell copies of a recently released record album, *Living in a Fog*, which band members financed, distributed and promoted. They put up nearly \$50,000 from their television show earnings to finance the session last summer, and the gamble is paying off: In Atlantic Canada alone, the album has almost sold out its first pressing of 20,000 copies.



The boys in the band plot this month's new stage show

The future appears even brighter. The CBC is considering bringing the television series to the full network this fall. And the group is considering buying an old movie theatre in downtown St. John's and converting it into a club to showcase its own act and those of other Newfoundland musicians. Some band members are even discussing the possibility of putting their colorful stage act on video disc. "It could be a perfect vehicle for us," Greg Malone says. All of which, of course, is not to forget the very important fact that major international record companies such as Capitol and RCA want to sign the Wonderful Grand Band to a recording contract.

So what's the problem? "The variety

of talent in the band has made us popular," Jamie Snider allows, "but it also makes it difficult for everyone to be satisfied with their roles within the group." Ron Hynes adds ominously: "Even though we're at a peak in Newfoundland right now, outside influences are beginning to work against us." The record companies' romancing, for example, is creating inevitable frictions within the group. While no one will say so publicly, it's clear some members wouldn't mind making changes to please the record companies ("They're the ones who are supposed to know about marketing," one says). Others are adamantly opposed to even the faintest whiff of compromise. Because the band members—

who are all equal partners in their company, Grand East Ltd.—can't agree, negotiations with Capitol, the company most interested in signing them, are now on hold.

"The stupid thing," Ron Hynes says, "is that no one wants to market the group as it is. The record companies don't look at it and say, 'Hey, these guys are successful; they must be doing something right.' They always ask, 'How can we change them to make them fit the mould?'"

The Wonderful Grand Band doesn't fit any accepted musical mould because of the way the group was formed. After serving as music director for several regional CBC variety shows during the mid-Seventies, Sandy Morris finally sold the Corporation on his own idea for a program called *The Root Seller*, a 1978 variety series that coupled updated, rock-influenced Newfoundland music with the indigenous humor of local troupes like CODCO. Because he was simply looking for the best studio musicians he could find, regardless of their normal specialty, the resulting back-up group included an eclectic collection of talents. (Of the WGB's current musicians, only Morris, Hynes and Simmons were in the original band.) To complete the show's ensemble, Morris talked former CODCO members Greg Malone and Mary Walsh into writing and performing in the show.

The band finally got its name only a day before the first taping. A CBC

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COVER STORY

producer had asked the group to come up with a name, but none of the ones suggested seemed appropriate. Morris finally said it didn't matter. "Whatever you want to call us, we're a wonderful grand band." And so it was.

Thanks to the popularity of that television series, the Wonderful Grand Band, which didn't really exist—its members having all returned to their separate careers—began to get invitations to play at conventions and local festivals. "When it fit in with everybody's different schedules, we'd usually do it," Morris recalls. But even after they recorded an album of songs from the television series,

Morris says, no one believed the band would ever become a full-time venture.

What changed their minds was a two-week stint the following summer as headliners in the Newfoundland Pavilion at Caravan, a summer ethnic music festival in Toronto. "It just clicked together," guitarist Glenn Simmons remembers. "People really loved it and it seemed like fun for us too. We started to say, 'Well, why not?'"

Several of the original musicians, who weren't interested in the band's anticipated rugged touring schedule, dropped out and were replaced by Perry, Stamp and Snider. When CODCO's

Tommy Sexton joined them onstage for a New Year's Eve performance in St. John's that year, the current edition of the Wonderful Grand Band was born.

*Oh, Sonny don't go away,
I am here all alone
And your daddy's a sailor
Who never comes home
And the nights get so long
And the silence goes on
And I'm feeling so tired,
I'm not all that strong**


Today, on a frigid early January afternoon, WGB members are gathering at Ron Hynes's St. John's house to lay the groundwork for a new stage show they'll unveil in mid-March during four, already sold-out performances at the St. John's Arts and Culture Centre. There is an easiness to their banter as they drink coffee and tell stories about each other. Like people who've been married for years, they tend to trip over one another in conversation, one person finishing the thought another has begun. After nearly a month off over Christmas, they're eager to get back to work.

"It's the first time we've ever really taken time off from touring to sit down and work out a new act," Greg Malone says. "We're going to try and integrate the humor and the music even more, try to come up with something new."

Already, however, there are problems. One band member, Paul Stamp, is in Toronto. He's decided to move there to be closer to his girlfriend, and, while he says he'll still work with the band, no one is counting on his returning to full-time duty. And Ron Hynes is considering recording a solo album of some of his more mellow tunes. He also says he isn't interested in doing the WGB television series again unless it's scheduled for the full network. Last year, Valdy recorded one of Hynes's songs, "Movie Scene"; three Irish groups have recorded "Sonny's Dream." "My priority right now is to develop as a songwriter," Hynes says.

"It's very awkward for us," Sandy Morris admits. "Most of the guys in the band have wives and kids and mortgages, and they can't afford to take any big gambles. We're doing very well in the Atlantic provinces now, making more money right here than Capitol is willing to pay us to start [Grand East Ltd. pays each member a salary of \$750 a week], so we're not in a hurry to jump just because some record company offers us a contract."

On the other hand, Greg Malone adds, "we think we're as good as any group in North America right now. So why shouldn't we go all the way with this?"

Why not indeed? 

* From "Sonny's Dream" by Ron Hynes. ©1976 Wonderful Grand Music. Used by permission.

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DAVID NICHOLS

Hudson: No pay, no rock and roll

Everett Hudson hates rock and roll. That's why you'll never hear rock music on the radio station he runs in St. John's, Nfld. You also won't hear any commercials, because radio station VOWR is supported by the proceeds from radio auctions and teas and donations from happy listeners. Hudson, 68, is a retired brewery employee who works 50 hours a week—for no pay—as program director for the Voice of Wesley Radio, owned by the Wesley United Church. Hudson and 55 other volunteers keep the station on air 62½ hours a week, broadcasting mostly “easy listening” music. “People like our music,” Hudson says. “It’s in the background. It doesn’t intrude. You can read a book with us and never miss a line.” Hudson says the station has captured about 20% of the local listening audience, but ratings go up when VOWR occasionally lets down its hair and plays country music. The audience includes staff and patients of a St. John’s hospital, which pipes VOWR programs through its public address system. VOWR, one of two church-owned stations in Canada (the other is the Voice of Adventist Radio, also in St. John’s), has been operating since 1924. Hudson started volunteering his time to the station almost 40 years ago. Now he worries about what will happen when he retires from broadcasting. “I’ll be hard to replace,” he says. “In this day and age, it’s hard to find people who’ll work for nothing.”

The influential Royal Canadian Academy of Arts recently recognized what many people have known for a long time: Peter Barss takes great pic-

tures. Barss, 40, who lives in West Dublin, N.S., is noted for his moving portraits of Nova Scotians (see *Atlantic Insight*, November, 1981: Special Report). Now he’s become the first Nova Scotia photographer to be elected to the 102-year-old Academy, which consists of Canada’s top visual artists. “It’s a real honor to be recognized by your peers,” Barss says. Halifax textile artist Charlotte Lindgren, who also belongs to the 550-member organization, nominated Barss. She calls him “an exceptional artist.” Other members agreed when they saw his work, including two books, *Older Ways: Traditional Nova Scotia Craftsmen* and *Images of Lunenburg County*. Barss spent summers in Lunenburg County as a child. Ten years ago, he and his wife, Myra, and their two children moved to Nova Scotia from their home near Boston, Mass., where he was a high school teacher. Although he’s been taking pictures since he was 10, Barss didn’t make a career of photography until the mid-Seventies. Compared with teaching, he says, it’s a challenging occupation. And although he sometimes misses the financial security of his former job, “I wouldn’t trade it.”

Kim Albert of Summerside, P.E.I., has one burning ambition: She wants to go to Nashville to meet some of her favorite country music stars. That’s not surprising. At 13, she’s something of a rising star herself. Kim, who sings in the style of Loretta Lynn and Carroll Baker, two of her favorites, recently completed a record with four songs, including two she composed. She’s performed at several benefit concerts and telethons and appears regularly on *Ray’s Hoedown*, a talent show broadcast weekly by cablevision to western P.E.I. Show host Ray Comeau first spotted her three years ago when she shared first prize with another performer in a talent show at the Summerside Lobster Carnival. Now he’s her manager. Kim sings with a six-member band that includes her father, an uncle and a cousin. The group’s repertoire runs to about 100 songs. Kim knows them all. “I read the words over a few times,” she says, “and an hour later, I’ve got the song.” Now she’s trying to master the guitar, and she’s planning a second recording, a long-play album with 10 or 12 of her own songs. One way or another, that just might be her ticket to Nashville.



GORD JOHNSTON

Kim Albert: At 13, she’s working on a ticket to Nashville



KEITH MACINNIS

MacLean: "Flag for a proud people"

When **Ralph MacLean** of Sydney, N.S., designed a special flag for Cape Breton in the Forties, some people accused him of trying to promote secession from the Nova Scotia mainland. MacLean, a 58-year-old fireman, says all he wanted was "a beautiful flag for a proud people." For more than 40 years, he kept flogging his flag. Now—finally—it seems to be catching on. Production of the pennant, which sells for about \$40 at Capé Breton craft shops, began last fall, and he's already sold several hundred. MacLean's design, on a blue background representing the water around Cape Breton, includes a map of the island and symbols of its settlers and its main industries, mining and steel making. There's also a globe representing the nations of the world. "It's the only flag in the world that's not prejudiced," MacLean says. He's something of an expert on flags throughout the world. Once, he could describe the flag of any country you could name. That's impossible now, he says, because new nations emerge and old ones disappear so frequently. His own flag is now flown by expatriate Cape Bretoners as far away as California, and he's confident that it—and the region it represents—will be around for a long time.

Arthur Warwick, 53, had often dreamed of buying a home near New Brunswick's Saint John River and painting there full-time. But it took a hot day in New Delhi, India, to convince him to do it. Warwick, employed by UNESCO as a TV graphics design expert, recalls that as he endured exotic illnesses or wilted under India's sun, "painting beside the Saint John River began to look pretty good." Warwick originally studied painting under Saint John's leading artists at a special post-war course. By the Fifties, he was design manager at CBC's new TV station in Halifax. His posting to Ottawa

in 1960 launched him on a world odyssey. During this time he painted little except in Malaysia, where he studied Chinese ink painting on rice paper, a discipline in which the artist must plan in advance how much ink, paper and brush pressure he will use. Today Warwick paints mainly New Brunswick scenes and people, but, inspired by Japanese haiku poetry, he's also produced striking symbolic works. His exhibits last year in New Brunswick and Quebec featured skilfully textured paintings in egg tempera and pastels. This year, he's using acrylics and larger canvases. Now that he's realized two aspects of his dream in India—a house and time at his easel—Warwick's determined to complete the picture with the third: Success.

Patrick Wootton is in love with islands—especially small ones. Last year, Wootton, a former British Army lieutenant-colonel, moved from Guernsey to Prince Edward Island (he wanted the challenge of a colder climate, he says) and bought two islands of his own near Murray Harbour—one 66 acres, the other, 30 acres. He wants to use them as summer camps for young people, like the ones he started on Lihou Island in the English Channel in 1965. They're operated by the International Trust for Constructive Living and financed mainly by service groups and people who share Wootton's philosophy: Society today is too materialistic, and most people don't know how to be self-sufficient. "People have so much affluence, yet you can see the sadness in their faces," Wootton says. He hopes to start his P.E.I. camps in 1983, and wants help from teachers and others who

can give informal instruction in such subjects as marine biology, ornithology and archeology. In the meantime, he's working on becoming self-sufficient on his own small farm in Bunbury. He plans to build a greenhouse, and he's already built a windmill. On windy days, he says, it produces so much electricity, he can sell power to Maritime Electric.

Gloria Savoie of Moncton, N.B., is a real winner. In 20 years of entering contests, she's won a trip to Portugal, three color television sets, a radio, as much as \$1,000 in cash at one time and more than 90 other prizes ranging from designer jeans to turkeys. "And that doesn't include bingo," says Savoie, a 52-year-old widow. "If you added that in, I couldn't tell you how many times I've won." Now she's writing a book on how to win contests. The secret, she says, has more to do with work than luck. "One time a store had a drawing. You had to buy nails to enter. Instead of buying one 10-pound package, I used to go and buy a one-pound package every so often. That gave me 10 entries for the price of one. And I won the TV set." In bingo, she says, "the numbers run in cycles. So when you think you know which numbers keep coming up, get cards with those numbers on them and keep playing them." Radio contests require patience. "Don't give up because you get a busy signal two or three times. You'll get through. When my children were growing up, I never had to buy turkeys at Christmas or tickets for hockey games or shows. I won them." If a contest involves answering a skill-testing math question, "always tell them to call back, in an hour or the next day. That gives you time to prepare yourself. And you should never be alone. Always have someone there to check your figures." Savoie intends to keep entering contests until she can go out in style. "When I win a car, I'll retire. That's the only thing I haven't won yet."

WAYNE CHASE



Savoie: Winning contests is hard work



Stockholm waterfront: You can fish off the quays

The not-so-chilly charm of Sweden

Being there isn't like being at home. But this other "shivery northern culture" shares a surprising number of contexts with Canada. They're what contribute to "that glimpse of home on an unfamiliar street"

By Sandra Gwyn

As Baker Street is to Sherlock Holmes, so Kopmangatan, a twisty, narrow cobbled street in Gamla Stan, the oldest part of Stockholm, is to Martin Beck. He's the rumpled, sardonic detective hero of *The Locked Room* and *The Laughing Policeman* and eight other superb thrillers that the husband-wife team of Maj Sjöwall and the late Per Wahloo wrote during the 1960s and 1970s.

My first afternoon in Stockholm, I was wandering down Kopmangatan, trying to figure out which one of the tall, brooding medieval houses Beck's flat might have been in (a bachelor flat, he and his wife didn't get on), when something strangely familiar about a display of posters in a gallery window caught my eye. I crossed the street to get a better look. I wasn't imagining things. The poster most prominently displayed was the same Mary Pratt dory, bobbing on a shimmering sea, that hangs on the wall of my Ottawa study.

That glimpse of home on an unfamiliar street set the tone for my week in Sweden. Being there isn't like being at home. Sure, just about everyone speaks English, but the Swedish language is so remote from our own experience that unlike in Berlin, say, or Madrid, it's impossible to catch the drift of a news-

paper story from the headlines, or to guess the meaning of most public signs. The contours of the landscape on the drive in from the airport remind you of all the provinces east of the Lakehead. But the absence of scarlet maples amid the mellow yellows of birches and beeches tells you this is another country.

Instead, what hits a Canadian visitor about Sweden is the number of shared contexts we have. One reason Pratt posters are popular is that this is also a woodsy, outdoorsy culture where everyone has a boat and a summer cottage. This is also a shivery northern culture, where everyone takes package tours south in winter. When a tourist official complained that the price of decent French wines is going out of sight because the state runs all the liquor stores, I nodded empathetically. When a guy from the Swedish National Theatre started beating his breast about murderous budget cuts, I nodded again. And when he went on to say that the liveliest, most innovative theatre isn't happening in Stockholm nowadays, but in scruffy little collective companies out in the boonies, I excitedly started telling him about Codco and Rising Tide.

As it happened, this guy, whose name was Erik Lindkvist, was there ahead of me. "Do you know of the Newfoundland playwright Michael

Cook?" he wanted to know. "Have you heard of the fiddle player Kelly Russell? Their work has been very successful here."

The Swedes, as fellow Calvinists, even *look* like Canadians. Which is to say, they go in for dressing down so as to blend right in with the pavements, to the point that in Stockholm, blue jeans, beige raincoat and wash-and-wear hair, untouched by blow-dryer, are almost a unisex uniform. Just like back home, the national appetite for glitter and fantasy and ruffles shows up in a love-feast relationship with the royal family that seems strangely out of sync in such a relentlessly democratic society. Officially, the fact of the Swedish monarchy is played so lowkey that when King Carl Gustaf XVI ascended the throne in 1973, at 27, there wasn't even a coronation ceremony. But as you quickly discover when you go to buy a postcard or pick up a newspaper, the king (who looks a bit like a slimmer, younger Ed Schreyer) and his dark and graceful Queen Silvia are even bigger popular hits than Prince Charles and Princess Di are back home. The week I was there, one of the mass-market weeklies ran an eight-page spread on the queen's wardrobe. (Like Princess Di, she's big on funny little hats with veils.) There's even a glossy monthly that prints nothing but royal gossip and from this, with the help of a tourist guide, I was able to decipher an intriguing monarchical wrinkle: Even though the king and queen have produced a two-year-old male heir, he's unlikely ever to reign.

Instead, thanks to a kind of Regal Equal Rights Amendment passed last year, his four-year-old elder sister, Princess Victoria, is firmly first in line.

There was also a more profound moment of recognition when a journalist remarked that the most painful and divisive recent political event in Sweden was a bitterly fought national referendum a year and a half ago. That the issue was nuclear energy and not Quebec's separation is beside the point: The campaign produced wounds within Swedish families that haven't yet healed.

Stockholm itself, even if its department store windows lack the pizzazz of Paris, is unmistakably a cosmopolitan and distinctive European capital, with a past that stretches back 700 years. Plus skinheads who drive taxis.

As in Venice, the organizing principle is the quality that the British travel writer Jan Morris has described as "wateriness." The core of the city is perched on a group of islands interconnected by bridges, at the point where the Baltic rushes inland, to meet Lake Malaren. These older sections, framed by cobbled quays that evoke the banks of the Seine, are a rich blend of architectural styles: The austere, classical, 18th-century Royal Palace; the exuberantly baroque cathedral, bursting at the seams with flamboyant gilded wood carvings; the pretty, sedate 19th-century board-and-

batten cottages that ascend row on row on the south side of the harbor; the sturdy red-brick town hall with its boisterous gold-crowned spire that catches the morning sun, built in the early 20th century to symbolize Swedish ascendancy in craft and design. This is a seafaring capital, and at Skansen, a wonderful rambling waterside park, you can find, among other things, the magnificent 17th-century warship *Wasa*. She foundered on her maiden voyage in 1628. In the 1960s, in a landmark feat of marine archeology, she was located, hoisted to the surface, and lovingly restored.

After such splendors, Stockholm's

central business district comes as a bit of a letdown. Here you find a cluster of newish office towers, mostly housing government offices, that for sheer ugliness and absence of human scale rival Scotia Square in Halifax, or the federal government atrocities in Hull. When I ventured to an official that this part of the city looked as if it had been bombed and then rebuilt, he nodded wryly and explained: "Just one bomb fell on Stockholm in World War II, dropped by a Russian pilot who'd lost his way. But some of our post-war urban renewal experts got the idea they ought to show solidarity with cities like Dresden and Cologne."

Except for a subway system that's unaccountably grungy and gloomy, everything in Stockholm is, as you'd expect, neat and shiny as a pin. The waterways are so clean that you can actually fish off the quays and bridges for salmon and trout.

Unlike Canadians, Swedes have a proper respect for fish. The Operakällaren, a wonderful *fin de siècle* restaurant in the Royal Opera House, where the waiters wear wing collars, serves what many connoisseurs consider to be the finest smorgasbord in the world: Baltic herring in—attention Atlantic Canadians—as many as 20 different incarnations laid out on a magnificent copper table every day at noon. (Smorgasbord, it's important to remember, *only* happens at noon.) But Operakällaren is pricey (about \$25 Canadian



Blown glass from Orrefors: The pattern's inside



Stockholm's old sections are a rich blend of architectural styles



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Mr. LeBlanc previously worked for the New Brunswick Department of Commerce & Development as Project Executive and has held various positions in the banking and petroleum industries.

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Mr. LeBlanc will be located in TQM's New Brunswick office at 440 King Street, Suite 437, Kings Place, Fredericton, New Brunswick, E3B 5H8.

TRAVEL

for all you can eat with a beer), and just across the way at the glassed-in terrace of the Grand Hotel—yes, the same Grand Hotel where Garbo once murmured, "I want to be alone"—I had a lunch that was almost as tasty and even more atmospheric for roughly half the price.

My most memorable Swedish eating experience, though, happened at Restaurant Diana, a cheerful, convivial cellar in Stockholm's Gamla Stan district. I ordered *gravlax*, knowing that this would be salmon, cured delicately with dill. The surprise was that instead of arriving cold, it had been very lightly, and exquisitely, broiled.

The glass bowl on the coffee table in my living room in Ottawa comes from Orrefors. The fish plates come from Kosta-Boda. The chair I sit in when

typing comes from IKEA; so does all the furniture on our backyard deck. When I looked at the map and discovered that the source of all these items could be found within 80 km of one another, in the province of Småland in southern Sweden, I was intrigued. This lean, humpbacked, thickly wooded region, even though it has wonderful sandy beaches fronting on the Baltic and a handsome provincial capital complete with Renaissance castle at Kalmar, isn't the most beautiful part of Sweden. Yet Småland has a mystique that speaks to us. "We Smålänningars like to think of ourselves as the Scots of Sweden," Kerstin Hallberg, one of the two guides who took turns driving me round Småland, told me. "We like to think that what God didn't give us in natural resources and good soil, he gave us in, how do you say it, get up and go." Somehow, it was entirely appropriate that when my other guide, Gun Dombrowsky, arrived to take over, she hopped out of her bright green Saab wearing a kilt.

The first stop was Kosta-Boda, the oldest of the glass factories in the section of Småland that's known as the Kingdom of Glass. Those fish plates, I discovered, had their genesis back in 1742, when a pair of moonlighting generals from King Charles XII's army took a flyer and imported a bunch of itinerant Bohemian glass blowers to start a business. The Orrefors bowl, by contrast, is a Johnny Come Lately as these things go. Though the Orrefors factory was the first in Sweden to translate the craft of glass

blowing into a fine art, by pioneering the practice of employing artists on staff, it began only in the 1890s.

Kosta-Boda and Orrefors, and the 30 other smaller glass factories in the kingdom, function as true cottage industries, a form of local employment that Canada—Atlantic Canada in particular—for all the endless wistful talk about it, has somehow never really been able to generate. At Orrefors, where about 600 Smålänningars work, you get the impression that the production of beautiful objects by hand isn't so much a profession as a Ruritanian way of life. The factory complex itself, a group of low wooden buildings nestled in a clearing in the woods and painted the traditional Småland bright red, looks more like a Hansel-and-Gretel village than an industrial park. Here, as at Kosta and most of



An outdoorsy country where everyone has a boat

the other factories, you can linger in front of the furnaces as long as you like, watching the glass blowers, who work in teams of seven under a master blower, using techniques that haven't changed much in 2,000 years—except that rock music blares out of their portable radios. Even more fascinating is watching the glass engravers in the workshops upstairs, working their copper wheels with infinite precision and patience. You can eat in the cosy restaurant, visit the museum and, best of all, buy cut-price "seconds" with flaws that only an expert could spot, in a vast, supermarket-style shop. Olle Alberius, the courtly staff artist who showed me round, pointed out the technique known as "Graal" that's made Orrefors glass supreme: A method of trapping color and pattern *inside* the glass, instead of applying it from without. Alberius, who recently had a one-man show in Australia, likes to use the technique to produce op art effects. Australians, Alberius told me, are, curiously enough, second only to Americans as buyers of Swedish art glass.

At Orrefors, depending on the complexity of the object, a team of glass blowers can produce between four and 10 finished objects in an hour, not counting the time needed for decoration. By contrast, a visit to Småland's other energy centre, IKEA's central supply depot and operational nerve centre in the dingy industrial town of Almhult, comes as a bit of a shock. The vast warehouse here, which at 2,000 square metres is the largest single repository of household furniture in the world, handles an average of *half a million* consignments per week.

In their clicking, whirring, the-future-is-working way, the happenings that go on virtually non-stop in IKEA's warehouse are exhilarating, fascinating and awesome. Picture an ant-like army of small red computerized trucks, each bearing a load of tidily packaged knock-down sofas and chairs and tables (or anything else among IKEA's 26 product lines), programmed to stop at precisely the right point in the right aisle and there to turn over their wares to computerized mobile cranes which shunt the containers on and off at precisely the right shelves. "This whole company," explained IKEA's rangy young blue-jeaned regional manager, Bengt Ottervik, "is built round the principle of efficient *distribution*. We don't manufacture *anything*. Instead, we distribute the best possible quality goods at the lowest possible cost." My sturdy typing chair, Ottervik went on, would have been designed to IKEA's specifications by a contract designer in Sweden. Its components—wooden frame, textiles, screws—would have been farmed out for fabrication to a number of manufacturing firms, then shipped back to Almhult for packaging and quality control, and from there, shipped out to IKEA's store in Ottawa for me to pluck off the shelf, take home and assemble.

As an international merchandising success story, IKEA ranks with Britain's Marks and Spencer, a company that, in the clothing field, pioneered the same no-frills, no-overhead approach. What's most remarkable about IKEA is that in a country where most business is almost as bureaucratized as government, it is entirely a one-man band. The IK stands for founder and owner Ingmar Kamprad; the E and the A are the first initials of the hamlet and parish in Småland where he grew up. At 15, Kamprad was pedalling round Småland on a bicycle, selling pens, watches and stockings door to door. Today, still only in his early 50s, he runs the largest retail furniture business in the world, with a network of two dozen or more stores throughout Europe, several in Australia, half a dozen in Canada (IKEA in Dartmouth was the first) and plans to expand into the United States within a year or so, using his Canadian experience as jumping-off point. Kamprad's idiosyncratic approach to business is the reason why IKEA has no public relations department and conducts hardly any market research. "If

Ingmar walked in here this minute," said Ottervik, as we followed the Saturday morning crowds through IKEA's Almhult store, "you'd never be able to spot him. He'd be wearing a beat-up old leather jacket and baggy trousers, chewing tobacco, bouncing around on the chairs like everyone else to see if they're comfortable." No wonder IKEA is the most successful furniture business in the world.

Sweden's cross to bear is to be every visitor's proving ground for his or her pet theories. Depending on your point of view, this is either a functioning Utopia where workers offer helpful hints to management on how more Volvos can

be produced with fewer workers, or else a promiscuous and spiritually desiccated society where everyone drinks too much and commits suicide. (In fact, according to the UN, eight countries, including Austria, West Germany and Denmark, all have higher suicide rates than has Sweden.)

My own pet theory, culled from conversations with a couple of dozen Swedes, from a cabinet minister to a lady who sheltered me under her umbrella while on the way to a bus stop, fits into neither pigeonhole. Instead—and this is the most significant shared context of all—I came away with the impression of a society going through a painful period of national angst not at all unlike the one

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TRAVEL

we are going through ourselves, and which in our case manifests itself in all the bitching and backstage bargaining about the constitution. "Somehow the energy has gone out of things," said a young Swedish woman journalist. That old adage from boxing, "The bigger they are, the harder they fall," explains in part the Swedish malaise. For 30 years after the Second World War, as the rest of the world looked on jealously, the Swedish universe unfolded exactly as it should. From management-labor relations to pushups, the Swedes built a reputation for doing everything better than anyone

else—especially Canadians. Remember that insufferable 60-year-old Swedish fitness freak that Iona Campagnola used to castigate us with?

The oil crisis changed all that. The two most important Swedish industries, steel and shipbuilding, got into serious trouble. Unemployment has risen to a scary (for the Swedes) 3% and is likely to go even higher since labor costs are so high. Meanwhile, the size of the public sector kept on growing and the tax rate, which can run as high as 85%, continued to soar. The underground economy thrives, and everyone swaps ideas on

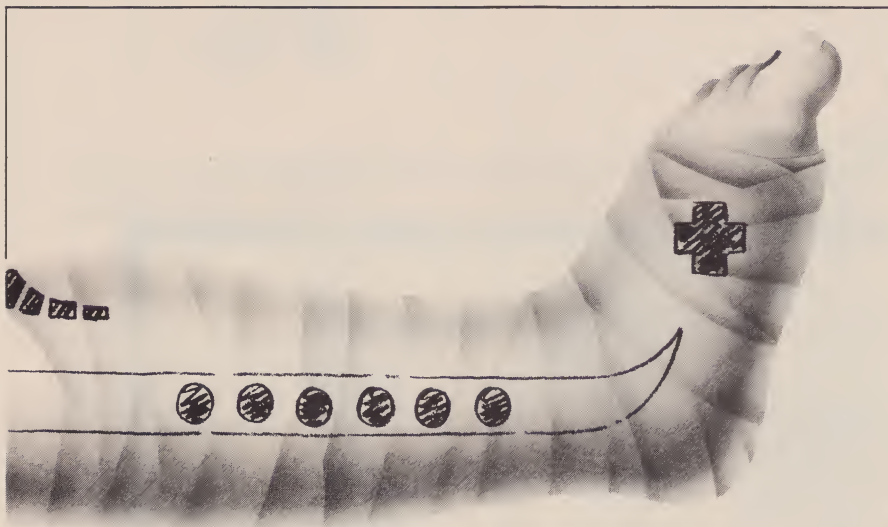
how to dodge taxes. Yet in bewailing their economic woes, the Swedes are being more than a trifle self-indulgent. Their incomes are still the highest in the world, at \$12,000 (U.S.) per capita, compared to \$9,500 (U.S.) in Canada.

The root cause of the depression is psychic. Just as Canadians worry, deep down, that maybe our federal system has got so out of kilter that it can never work again, Swedes worry that their system, based on the principles of equality and security for everyone, but dependent on a society organized to the nth degree, has lost its human dimension. It's more than just coincidence that ever since it came out in 1977, the film *One Flew over the Cuckoo's Nest*—free spirit Jack Nicholson versus that grimly efficient mental hospital—has been playing continuously in Stockholm.

"We've put so much emphasis on systems," Housing Minister Birgit Friggebo told me in an interview, "that somehow we've managed to create the impression that systems can solve all human problems. In the process, we've diminished the individual's own sense of responsibility, and sometimes excluded the individual from making a contribution. It shows in all kinds of ways, from the difficulty of getting people to run for public office, to the fact that a woman who might like to spend an afternoon or so a week doing volunteer work can't, because this kind of activity is all professionalized. We're proud of our social programs and we don't want to tear them down. But somehow, we must find a way to make room for the individual inside the system."

One last point about Swedes. They have a reputation worldwide for being chilly, distant, unspontaneous. And there were aspects of my stay in Sweden—closed faces in the subway; the desk clerk in Stockholm who handed over the key with frigid politeness but never a smile, the 11 out of 12 taxi drivers who never once leaned back to chat—that nearly convinced me the world was right.

There were, however, other aspects. The innkeepers at Slotshotellet in Kalmar, for instance, who insisted on rounding up sandwiches and coffee when I arrived late at night out of a rainstorm, as solicitously as the Reads at Sackville, N.B.'s Marshlands Inn. There was Gun Dombrowsky, who after a long day of driving and explaining Småland, insisted impulsively that I join her and her family for potluck. There was also Kjell Ahlstrand, who'd just tagged along for the ride the day his girlfriend Kerstin Hallberg took me to see IKEA, and who, when he discovered I was about to leave Sweden without having sent a single postcard, rushed off to the post office to get me stamps. In Sweden, as anywhere else in the world, individuals transcend stereotypes. Like Martin Beck. ☒



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Quality right down the line.

BOOK EXCERPT

Bell of Baddeck

You don't have to be in the small Cape Breton Island town of Baddeck long before you know whose town it is. Alexander Graham Bell lived and worked here, sometimes for as much as half the year. Here he built Beinn Bhreagh, a summer home for himself and his family, and kept a laboratory where he experimented on everything from the telephone to methods of communicating with the deaf. His link with the town is celebrated in the Alexander Graham Bell Museum. But Bell lives on, too, in the memories of a small number of the people of Baddeck who knew him and worked with him. Their stories of Bell, the man of Baddeck as well as the great inventor, are part of a new book *Genius at Work: Images of Alexander Graham Bell* by Dorothy Harley Eber, published this month by The Viking Press of New York and McClelland and Stewart of Canada. The following excerpt is condensed from the first chapter of the book, "The Inventor at Home."

Mary (Mayme) Morrison Brown grew up as a next-door neighbor of the Bells in Baddeck, where she worked for the inventor in his laboratory during some of its most exciting days. Later, she also worked for the family in Washington, D.C. Her memories of the "genius at work" go back further than anyone alive today. She last saw Bell a few weeks before he died.

"Some of the old people thought the man was foolish to spend so much time flying kites. 'It seems like a damn fool thing to do,' they'd say. And I can hear Dr. Bell laugh yet when he heard that. He'd throw back his head and his whiskers would bounce. 'They think I'm some kind of nut,' he'd say. 'You're a useful nut,' I'd tell him. They'd classified him as one.

"Opinionated? The old people? I'll say! In those days you were either a Grit or a Tory. They'd get together in the evenings and they'd get so cross! When he advanced some, they realized he was doing something but, then, they thought an airplane was an awful thing. A man taking a chance in the air! He'd be killed for sure. There are not too many of the old people left. I doubt if there are any. Those families in Red Head and Baddeck and Big Harbour are all gone. I'm the only one left who worked in the laboratory.

"I'm not going to tell you how old I am. Women don't like to tell. I worked in the laboratory in 1905. I just went down for a lark. I was 13—I'd got to Grade 10. Just went down and started doing a little bit of everything.

"My sister and I were born and raised



Bell, photographed 1907 by Mayme Brown

in Beinn Bhreagh—that's Gaelic for 'Beautiful Mountain.' Dr. Bell named it Beinn Bhreagh, but the whole section over there is Red Head. It was always Red Head because when the first settlers—my people—came sailing through the lakes here the first thing they saw was the big red rock. They called it Red Head and they settled there. That was a long, long time ago.

"Dr. Bell loved down there. Sometimes he'd stay until March. Then he'd go back to Washington for a month or two for business reasons and to entertain some, and come right back. He would have lived here all the time if he could. He loved Beinn Bhreagh. Didn't he hate to put on a dress suit! 'Don't I hate Washington,' he'd say, 'where I have to have this cardboard on.' You know they had



Brown, at 16: "He was a grand person"

those starched shirt fronts...he didn't like a tie. He always wore those knickerbockers. He thought he was dressed up in those.

"He was down in the lab, he was in his study, and weekends he spent in the houseboat [*Mabel of Beinn Bhreagh*]. Nice little place...kitchen, sleeping quarters and everything. We called it Dr. Bell's floating palace. When the Bells first came down here, they used to be towed all over the lakes in it...Washabuck, Marble Mountain....When they quit gallivanting they got the men to haul it above the beach into the pond. Dr. Bell would go down on Friday and he wouldn't come home until Monday.

"Dr. Bell always came to Mother's and Mrs. Bell did, too. My first memory of Dr. Bell is of walking down from our



Helen Keller (left), Annie Sullivan, Bell and Daisy (back to camera), 1901

house at Red Head with him to the road where his carriage was waiting. He was going to make me walk, but I couldn't make it. He had to pick me up and carry me. I remember him often taking me in his arms when I was little.

"He was a great big man, Dr. Bell. Black eyes...like an actor's. They'd go right through you and a lot of people were scared of him. I don't know why...they were cheerful eyes...they'd sparkle. Unless he was serious. If anything worried him, his eyes changed. His eyes weren't alive. If you saw a frown on his forehead and his eyes right black, there was something bothering him. But most of the time he'd be laughing.

"He told me one time he could mesmerize me. He probably could...to a certain extent. If you kept looking, his eyes were very penetrating. But he'd do a lot of things just from badness. One day he said, 'Mary dear, come right here. Watch me mesmerize the hen.' I couldn't have been more than 10 or 11. He went out on the front porch and he drew a big circle with a piece of chalk, put the hen in there and swung it around and said, 'See her! She won't go by that line. I've got her mesmerized!' He was teasing. He didn't know I knew anything about poultry! He'd turned the hen around so often she was dizzy. He was full of those things. He liked to have a joke on anyone. He was always tormenting someone. His sister-in-law Cassie used to say, 'Do you ever mind Alexander?' I'd say, 'No, I never pay any attention to him. I'm not sensible enough to pick up on him.' Oh, he was a grand person."

Some of the Bell household ceremonies, however, definitely weren't laughing matters. Among them was the morning ritual of getting the genius to wake up.

Mayme Morrison Brown remembers Dr. Bell's awakenings. "Dr. and Mrs. Bell always slept in Dr. Bell's porch. He had it built outside his study and he had a fourposter built from rough pine. He used to have every issue of the *National Geographic* stashed up there, and Daisy Fairchild [Bell's daughter] said if you touched one he knew it. They always slept out there—both of them. But many's the night he just didn't want to go to bed, he wanted to study.

"In the morning he wouldn't open his eyes till he had a hot towel over them. He had lovely black eyes...the most expressive eyes. He had to have a hot towel...house temperature...over his eyes before the light would strike them. If he didn't have that towel he might scare the daylight out of you. There was a girl working there—she came from Washington with them—and she was very nervous. The least little thing...So one day she went to wake him with her hot towel. But he was awake; he jumped up. He jumped up and she took off!"

Getting Alexander Graham Bell up in the morning was not for the faint-hearted. First responsibility rested with Charles Thompson, his articulate black



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BOOK EXCERPT

butler: "The seriousness, to me, in getting Mr. Bell up in time for any important engagement was that if I did not succeed in getting him up, he placed the entire responsibility on me." When faced with a hopeless situation he would summon Mrs. Bell and "if Mrs. Bell was in the house we very seldom ever failed."

Elsie May, the elder daughter, was not so lucky, and in the notes that she, like Daisy and Charles the butler, wrote after her parents' deaths, she discussed the complexity of the task. "It was practically impossible to wake him until he had had his sleep out. He used to say that if he was working on a particularly difficult and intricate problem he would get it clearly in his mind before going to sleep and would find it solved subconsciously when he woke in the morning. He was so hard to awaken that he often stayed up all night in order to be up on time for an early morning engagement. His eyes were very sensitive to light and he used to wind a heavy bath towel around his head to keep out the light. When first awakened, if his shades were raised too suddenly it would give him a violent headache and render him useless for the day!"

And Bell himself wrote to [his wife] Mabel (on September 2, 1906): "We all returned yesterday from Sydney on the steamer *Beverly*. I stayed up all night Saturday so as to catch the boat in the morning without difficulty and lay down in a stateroom the moment I got on board. I slept all the way to Baddeck and then Elsie made an awful mistake in trying to arouse me. She tried to pull off my eye-bandage and succeeded in letting a flood of light fall on my darkened eyes. I woke at once with the pain in my eyes but did not understand quite where I was. I thought I was in Sydney and she was trying to get me up for the boat. She did not explain but tugged away at my eye-bandage with all her strength. Aroused in this rough manner I said I would not get up—they might go without me—and I would follow by the next train. Still she did not explain but poured a glass full of water over me—clothes and all—I had not undressed...after a while, as I was soaked, I got up intending to change my things—and found to my surprise that I was on board the *Beverly* at the wharf in Baddeck."

Once up, Alexander Graham Bell liked a good breakfast, but he did not necessarily get his own way. Beginning shortly after his marriage Bell battled problems of overweight, writing once to Mabel that he had achieved 208 pounds—"quite a come down." Mabel encouraged reduction by exercise and diet, but it was a battle never won.

Mayme recalls that "Mrs. Bell was trying to keep him on a diet just because he was putting on too much poundage. He was supposed to have sugar...diabetes....he wasn't a bit careful. For years I

don't think they knew he had it, but in the last years they did discover. Once I took his tray up in the morning and put it on his desk. I uncovered his dish...it was cereal...dry cereal! Mrs. Bell ordered that.

"Well, he got wild. He said, 'A grand old Scotsman sitting here and cannot get his porridge!' He was wild; he couldn't get his porridge. Then I uncovered a jar of cream cheese...there were skippers on the top of it. 'Dr. Bell,' I said, 'it's got wormy.' But he said, 'Come here, Mayme. Sit down.' He took his knife and ran it over the cheese top. 'That's bacteria...that's the healthiest kind of cheese.' He explained the whole thing. 'That's just bacteria crawling around!' All the skippers on the top...he mashed them up and put them on his toast!"

Mayme used to "go down to the floating palace to take him his lunch. But he wanted a lot more to eat than that. So I was cooking him hard-boiled eggs on the sly. I used to go up to the gardener's place, and I'd boil him a dozen the way he liked them...weedy, more like they were coddled, but still in the shell. I said to him one day, 'Dr. Bell, why do you eat so many eggs?' He answered, 'They're the only thing in here the flies won't shit on!' He told me in plain English! Well, that word is in the Bible—several times! He laughed so hard his whiskers shook. He'd crack an egg and eat it while he worked. He loved to get down to the floating palace so he could eat as much as he wanted. He used to go down to work. He experimented with the dial phone there. That was 1911 or 1912, in the fall. He was getting old then.

"I remember the Sunday he struck it. He had tested and worked all night, and he'd gone in swimming without his clothes. That was nothing for him! He heard the carriage coming, and he yelled out to John MacDermid, was I with him? John said yes, and he said, 'Stay back.' He'd got on his bathrobe by the time we arrived.

"He said, 'Come here and sit down.' He had chained little flashlight bulbs all around a little wall and in front he had a seat. They were just ordinary flashlight bulbs in different colors—white and green and yellow and red. They were very tiny and there must have been nine or 10. He pressed a little button and they all lit. He'd been able to get one or two for a long time; he'd been shifting things around. 'I've got it!' he said. He was as happy as if somebody had given him a medal. When he had something he was working on, he stuck with it until he won it."

Bell's interest in the education of the deaf was a mainspring of his life. "I shall never leave this work," he vowed in a letter to Mabel on November 22, 1876, when the telephone was just beginning to make him famous. He was the third

generation of his family—his grandfather, first an actor, later became a teacher of elocution—to study the voice and its projection. While he was still in his teens, his father developed what had been internationally sought, a universally applicable phonetic alphabet, and Bell and his brothers helped demonstrate its usefulness. It was as a teacher of his father's system of Visible Speech that he originally went to Boston. After the invention of the telephone, he fulfilled a dream and opened his own school for the deaf in Washington, D.C., which he operated until pressure of litigation over his telephone patents forced him to close it. He remained an authority in the field and throughout his life devoted study, time and money to the cause of the deaf.

For deaf and blind Helen Keller—brought to him when she was six years old by her father, who sought his advice—Bell had special affection. He helped find Helen's remarkable teacher, Anne Sullivan Macy, and followed their progress with paternal pride. The biographer Joseph P. Lash recounts in *Helen and Teacher* a conversation Bell had with Helen that illustrated the prior claim the deaf always had on his attention. "One would think I had never done anything worthwhile but the telephone," he spelled into Helen's hand. "That is because it is a money-making invention. It is a pity so many people make money the criterion of success. I wish my experiences had resulted in enabling the deaf to speak with less difficulty. That would have made me truly happy." Helen dedicated her autobiography, *The Story of My Life*, "to Alexander Graham Bell who taught the deaf to speak..." She made a number of visits to Beinn Bhreagh, one of them in August 1901, when she was 20 years old.

Mayme Morrison Brown remembers Dr. Bell's experiments: "Speech—hearing—touch. He had so many things. You wonder how he had the brains to sort them all out.

"When I was a little girl, down in the darkroom with Dr. Bell, he explained to me about teaching the deaf. He had a colored man's ear.... That's how he experimented with the eardrum. I asked how he got the ear, and he said scientists have them for medical research. I was only a very little girl, and how scared I was of the colored man's great big ear!

"I remember the deaf and blind girl Helen Keller giving me a prize for sack racing. Every August Dr. Bell put on a gala time—'harvest home.' They'd invite all the people of Victoria County. They'd have everything to entertain the people. Bag races—you'd get in a bag and race—potato races. Running and jumping like in the Olympics. Catching the greased pig—a pig all greased up with the axle grease of the wagons. Helen Keller gave all the prizes away that night in the warehouse...a very nice-looking woman. She'd put her fingers on your lips. She'd know everything you said to her. Her voice wasn't a whisper...just kind of a



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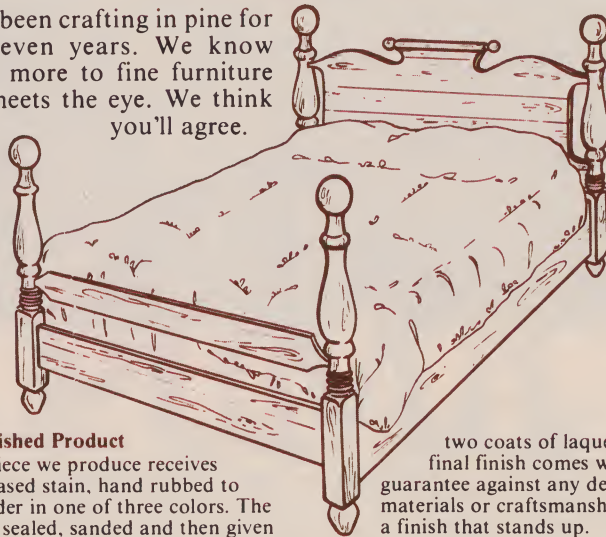
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gurgled in her throat. She stayed for the dance...till about three or four in the morning. John MacDermid took her dancing....He was the coachman."

Animals, too, are part of the legend. There was a horse with cart attached that backed up to a cliff, fell over and walked home along the beach, cart and all. There was also Bell's favorite white riding horse; he'd stop whenever Bell wanted him to and wait. According to Daisy, her father loved "any and all" animals; her mother loved them less. "But Father didn't love them enough to take any responsibility about them and he always knew that Mother would."

Mayme told me: "Dr. Bell had his own menagerie. Just his own collection—not large—but he had bobcats and a wild cat with a long tail. And he had white-

headed eagles—four of them at one time. He let them go but they stayed around. There was an old tree below the Point House and two of them were always there. You know, an eagle lives to quite an old age—over a hundred. Dr. Bell loved them. He was observing them, trying to learn their habits.

"And he was interested in some breed of snake that was here in Red Head. One day I saw one of the kind he was talking about. My sister Marguerite and I were out picking turnips or veg. She was sitting on a pile of rocks and this one appeared—all colors and spots on it. I pinched my sister's arm and beckoned her away over the field. Next time I saw Dr. Bell I told him about it, and he had the men look everywhere around our field. Mother said it was there in the rocks all summer. But I think the boys

were afraid to find it. Well, let's face it, it was a *snake*!

"Dr. Bell also had a bear. He bought it when it was young from a trapper that used to go around trapping wild animals for circuses. They had it in a cage and it grew quite big. They had the animals down near the warehouse, and one day I went in with some message for Mr. Byrnes, the estate superintendent. I heard scratching between the office and the cage. I said, 'I think Bruno is trying to work his way through!' Well, he had the whole wall chewed through. Mr. Byrnes said, 'We'll have to get rid of him because if he gets loose among people he knows so well nothing will scare him.'

"So they had him stuffed. He was there for the longest time on the front veranda. He used to scare a lot of people—his teeth were showing.

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Bell's penchant for life au naturel went beyond a fondness for animals and sometimes got him into trouble. His daughter, Daisy, remembers one incident.

"One of the funniest things that ever happened to Father came about through this—I don't know what to call it—this urge to mingle with the universe.

"On the day of which I speak Mother had gone to Baddeck early in the evening to the Club, and Father started off to walk down to the houseboat. When he was about halfway down there, the lure of the starlit water was too much for him, so he left the road and walked down a little path to the water's edge where he undressed, left his clothes and started off along the shore, sometimes wading, sometimes swimming when the rocks jutted out too far. But it was longer to go than he thought and he was tired and chilled when he arrived and glad to roll up in a blanket and go to sleep. How long he slept of course he didn't know, but when he did wake up he didn't feel at all like going back through the cold water, so he walked along the road instead—but for the life of him he couldn't find the path down which he had gone and at the end of which he had left his clothes! He walked back almost to the house, then turned around, hoping to recognize the place when he approached it from the same direction, but no, he just couldn't find that path.

"At last he decided that he couldn't stay in the road all night and he'd have to try for the house; the house is set on a hill with two grass terraces in front, then a sloping lawn ending in a fringe of trees. Along the fringe of trees slunk poor Father, watching the moving figures in the brightly lighted house and darting across the shafts of light that came out of the windows.

"Then there was a run for the first terrace, when he crouched and listened, then to the next terrace and finally to the wall below the veranda. And then his heart stood still—for as he crouched there, the door from the living room to the veranda closed, and whether it closed on someone going in of course he couldn't tell. But after holding his breath to listen, he decided the coast was clear, and a final flash landed him on the veranda couch with a friendly blanket to cover him."

Such narrow squeaks never deterred Alexander Graham Bell from adopting—indoors or outdoors—"houseboat costume," or from relaxing, as he put it, "in puris naturalibus." The story is told that he was once aroused in this state of nature from slumber on the roof of his houseboat by the loudspeaker of a lake ferry bearing tourists eager for a glimpse of Alexander Graham Bell. Presumably they got more than they bargained for. The ideal summer clothing, he told a *Washington Post* reporter when interviewed about how to beat the heat, is none at all. Realistically, though perhaps reluctantly, he admitted, "But this our civilization would not permit."



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CN Rail, Montréal

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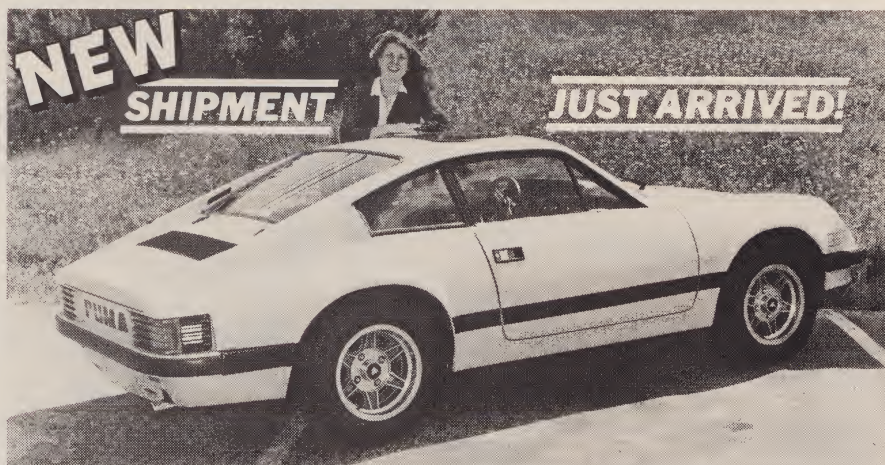
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This little Bintje goes to market

A yellow potato developed in Holland is opening up huge, new export markets for Maritime growers

The shipment of little yellow potatoes that left the Maritimes for Brazil in January was a mere 40 tonnes, small as potato exports go. For farmers and exporters in P.E.I. and New Brunswick, however, it signalled the start of something big: It was the first Canadian sale of seed potatoes to a country with an enormous potential market for Canadian spuds. And it was the first export shipment of Bintje potatoes, a yellow-flesh variety developed in Europe and now being tested under Maritime growing conditions.

Agricultural researchers in the Maritimes have been experimenting with the Bintje for years in an attempt to help growers crack the Brazil market. Brazil imports 15,000 tonnes of seed potatoes annually, and—like other South American countries and some European ones—it insists on a yellow-flesh variety. Three-quarters of Brazil's imports are Bintjes, mostly from Holland, where the Bintje was born.

This year's shipment of Canadian Bintjes—from two New Brunswick growers and one Island producer—could pave the way for others. "This is just an indication of what we can get into in the future," says Harold Platt, a plant pathologist who's head of the potato program at Charlottetown's federal agricultural research station. "Canada has great potential in the seed potato industry."

Platt's research teams, along with agricultural researchers in Fredericton, N.B., have been testing several yellow-flesh varieties under local growing conditions.

Platt expects the Bintje to perform as least as well as the commonly grown white potatoes. "It has one attribute that some [potatoes] don't have," he says. "It can be planted close together and yield a good set of small-size tubers." Although small potatoes are undesirable for the table market, they're a necessity for most overseas seed markets, including Brazil, where growers plant the entire potato.

Officials at H.B. Willis Inc., the Island producer that contributed a third of the Brazil shipment, say the Bintje

did better than they'd expected, yielding 450 to 500 bushels an acre, compared with about 400 for other varieties.

Bintjes taste much the same as the more common varieties, although Bintjes tend to be drier. One producer says he likes the Bintje because its color makes it look as though it's buttered. Platt says South Americans like yellow potatoes mostly because that's what they've traditionally eaten. "Maritimers like Blue Skins because you've got to eat them with fish," he says.

Yellow potatoes are not entirely new in Canada. A Canadian yellow, Yukon Gold, is grown in Ontario to supply the small ethnic market in Toronto and Montreal, and Island farmers have grown small quantities of yellow potatoes from time to time. Most of the 1,500 tonnes of seed potatoes Canada exported last year, however, consisted of the white-flesh Kennebec, Sebago and Red Pontiac.

(Two-thirds of the seed potatoes came from P.E.I.) And most exports went to the United States, with smaller orders going to such countries as Greece, Algeria, Cuba, Spain and Portugal.

Five years ago, agricultural research scientists in Fredericton, backed by a \$90,000 federal grant, tried to develop Bintje seed using greenhouses and experimenting with stem-cutting (a method of rapid seed production in which a new plant grows from a slip of another plant). The stem-cutting was moderately successful, but the program was a flop. Midway through the experiment, researchers discovered that the original seed was diseased with a virus-like organism that spread as rapidly as the tubers multiplied.

Ernie McWilliam of Potatoes Canada, the Fredericton-based agency that aims to develop and expand Canada's potato export markets, refers to the \$90,000 as a "horrendous writeoff." But the experiment was "a risk worth taking," he says: If Canada is to succeed in the highly competitive export market, it must do so quickly and aggressively.

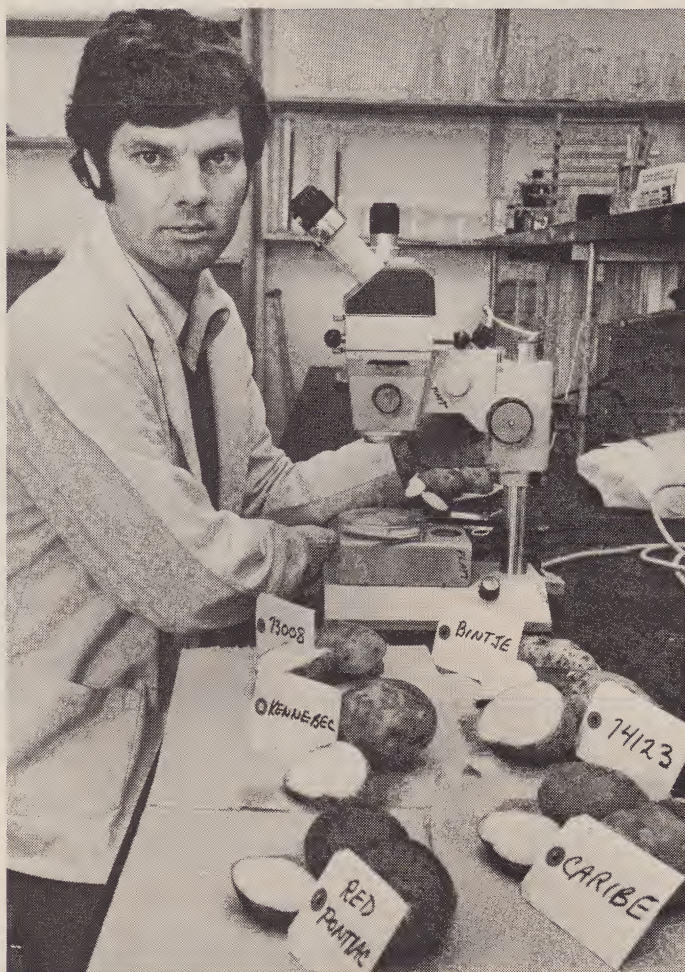
Potatoes Canada, supported financially by exporters, producers and the P.E.I., N.B. and Canadian governments, now is testing Canadian varieties and seed potatoes in 30 countries to determine how well Canadian potatoes do in foreign soil.

Meanwhile, the federal Department of Agriculture is expected to give the Bintje its official sanction for export this year. (Until government testing of the Bintje is completed, it can be exported under a temporary licence.)

Several Island growers have expressed an interest in the Bintje. So far, however, the seed is hard to come by. The P.E.I. Potato Marketing Board's seed farm hasn't yet produced enough seed to supply commercial growers. Willis developed its Bintje seed on its own plots, taking a gamble on an export market for the potatoes.

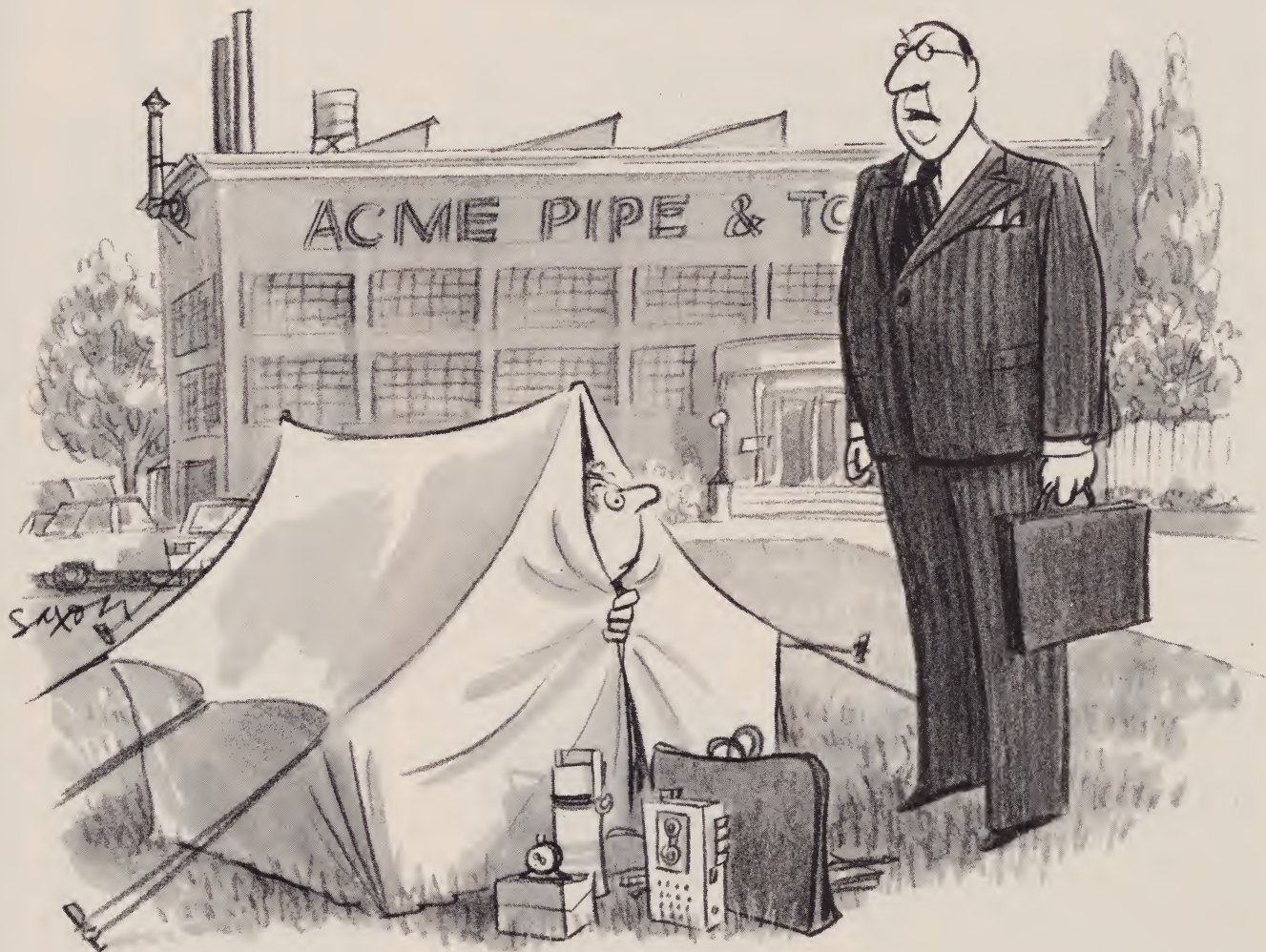
It appears that the gamble paid off. This year, Willis plans to increase its Bintje acreage from 12 acres to at least 40. The Bintje may be a spud with a funny name, but a Willis official observes: "It's a spud with an excellent future."

— Rob Dykstra



Platt: There's a bright future in seed potatoes

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The rubella scare returns

The mid-Seventies epidemic of German measles brought tragedy to many families. Now, another one is on its way

Soon after Troy DeBaie was born seven years ago, doctors discovered a heart murmur. A month later, on Christmas Day, his mother first noticed the cloudiness in his eyes. Then his parents, Cynthia and Rodney DeBaie of Dartmouth, N.S., learned that Troy was almost blind and almost deaf.

"When we discovered our baby was handicapped," says Cynthia DeBaie, "I felt I was being punished. 'What have I done to deserve this?' I said. 'And why does my baby have to suffer?'"

Troy was one of about 50 babies in the Atlantic region born with defects caused by rubella—German measles—during the most recent major epidemic. Like most women, Cynthia DeBaie hadn't been vaccinated against the disease, and she contracted it during the crucial first three months of pregnancy.

publicity campaigns to encourage voluntary immunization. Shirley Campbell, head of the Nova Scotia Health Department's education program, says the department opposes mandatory programs. "Our feeling is that existing voluntary programs are sufficient," she says. A survey conducted two years ago, she says, indicates the public is aware of the rubella danger.

Keet disagrees with that conclusion. Yet she's not sure that everybody would accept mandatory immunization. "It seems incredible that people would object, and yet they are reluctant to have a bureaucracy infringe upon their rights," she says. And school immunization programs, while commendable, are too late, she points out, for women of child-bearing age in this epidemic period.

The fetus is especially sensitive to the

them to watch for cataracts. "It was a month later when I first saw the cloudiness in Troy's eyes," his mother says. "When I found out he was deaf too, it was just so hard to accept."

When Troy was almost four, his brother, Timothy, was born. "With a new baby in the house, I was under twice as much stress," DeBaie says. "I came as close to a nervous breakdown as I could get." Troy was also finding life difficult. He was a frustrated little boy who banged his head against walls and floors, poked objects into his eyes and repeatedly threw his hearing aid and glasses across the room. At age four, he was just learning to walk, would eat only blended food and slept no more than three or four hours a night.

Troy's parents finally decided to send him to the Amherst Resource Centre for the Hearing Handicapped, a boarding school for children throughout the Atlantic region. "The two months before school started, we cried until I thought we could cry no more," Cynthia DeBaie says. "Our little boy went to school so brave. We couldn't explain why we were leaving him with strangers or even reassure him that we would come back. I will never be able to express what it was like leaving him there that day."

Today, Troy seems happy, and he's doing well at school. A visitor will find him in a brightly colored classroom full of lively, bubbly children very much like him. The atmosphere at the school is one of optimism and hope. But for an outsider, it's hard to see past the slow learning, the thick glasses and the hearing aids. It's even harder to appreciate the miracle of a rubella child learning to speak his first word at age five, finally learning the basics of toilet training, finally beginning to feed himself.

"The unfortunate part of this whole situation," says school director Dr. Peter Owsley, "is that it is so unnecessary. With proper immunization, rubella is a preventable disease. If I were a woman, I would be sure I had it."

The epidemic that resulted in Troy's handicaps occurred between May, 1974, and April, 1975. During an epidemic, a large percentage of the population develops immunity by contracting the illness. But in the next few years, as it becomes less common, the number of susceptible people increases. Without wide-scale immunization, another epidemic will occur in seven to nine years.

A rubella vaccination will provide protection against the disease, often for a lifetime. (A blood test given by a doctor can determine whether immunity is low.) Today, health officials estimate, one of every five women is not immune.

"It has taken an epidemic to make us realize the dangers," Keet says. "I hope it won't take another to make us implement the cure."

— Joan Weeks



Cynthia DeBaie with Troy: He's doing well in school

Health officials warn that another rubella epidemic is imminent, at a time when most women of childbearing age have no immunity. During an epidemic, one of every 100 babies born is affected; health officials estimate that 30% to 40% of deaf-blind children suffer their disability because their mothers contracted the disease during pregnancy. "Many well-educated young women are totally unaware of the dangers," says Dr. Sylvia Keet, head of the child development clinic at Halifax's Izaak Walton Killam Hospital for Children.

This year, New Brunswick will be the first province in Canada to implement a compulsory immunization program. All children starting school after June 30 will be vaccinated against rubella, polio, diphtheria, measles and mumps. Other provinces in the region have started

rubella virus during the first three months of pregnancy, when it's developing internal organs, eyes and ears. Depending on the time of infection, a rubella child can suffer minor disabilities or major, multiple handicaps. Women who contract German measles in the first month of pregnancy face a 90% risk of giving birth to an abnormal child. In the second month, there's a 50% risk, and in the third month, a 10% risk.

"I knew nothing about German measles or immunization," Cynthia DeBaie says. "During my first month, I was sick for a few days, and the doctor misdiagnosed it as the flu." After Troy was born, the DeBaies received one shock after another. When the heart murmur was discovered, they took him to a heart specialist, who told them about the rubella epidemic and warned

DAVID NICHOLS

U

nder the updated system, the dispatcher is able to plot truck runs - jumping, gauging, planning maybe fifty moves ahead.

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HARRY BRUCE'S COLUMN

Topless, she warmed a nation's heart

In view of the horror some readers expressed over *Atlantic Insight's* publication of a painting that showed a man and woman in the full, glorious innocence of standing starkers beside a refrigerator ("*The Most Important Realist Painter of the Western World*," Cover Story, December), I hesitate to advance my theory. A strong sense of public duty, however, impels me to plunge ahead. My theory is that if only more Canadians had the cheeky insouciance to take off their clothes in public, our abominable winters might actually become almost endurable. Erika Roe helped me reach this exciting conclusion. She's rather exciting herself. She's 24. She's British. Her torso is both graceful and, in places, monumental. Believe me, I know. But more about Erika in a moment. First, some background to her juicy accomplishments.

The United Kingdom was suffering the worst winter in living memory. Yes, I know, every bad winter in Britain is the

worst in living memory, which suggests the British have short memories, but nevertheless this one was truly horrendous. Blizzards followed floods: Floods followed blizzards. Blizzards followed murderously low temperatures. Then, more floods. Water pipes burst in hovels, flats, the castles of lords. Indeed, burst pipes became The Great Leveller. Boilers blew up. Plumbers took their phones off the hook. Power failed. Roofs collapsed. Schools closed. Trains stopped. Airports shut down. Harbors froze over. Automobile traffic sagged to a halt. Police begged motorists to stay home but hordes of them, blithely confident they could survive the blitz, tried to muddle through in the good, old British way. The result? A nation littered with abandoned vehicles. Rescues by helicopter, four-wheel drive trucks, even snowmobiles. Women gave birth in "air ambulances."

The *Scotsman*, in one catalogue of cold-weather horror stories, reported, "More than 20 lorry drivers were



stranded on the A84 in Argyll, on the stretch known as Rest and Be Thankful." Not to be outdone, a *Sunday Telegraph* misery round-up said, "Angered by drivers who ignored danger notices, police in Avon and Somerset made giant snowballs to block access roads to the M4, M5, and M32."

Thousands of travellers languished in emergency refuges. Ice held swans and herons in its lethal grip. Government organized aerial food drops to starving animals but thousands of cattle and sheep seemed doomed anyway. Moreover, huge stocks of feed went bad in waterlogged barns, and "miles upon square miles of cauliflowers, sprouts,



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cabbages and root vegetables are rotting in the ground, beneath floods and ice."

The weather brought tragedy, foolishness and crime. By mid-January, storms had already killed at least a dozen Britons. A truck driver, who tried to thaw his engine by lighting a fire under it, ended up with the whole rig ablaze. A man who tried to thaw a car lock by kissing it, ended up with his lips frozen to the door. In Wales, looters stripped abandoned cars. Con men, claiming to represent hospitals and old folks, collected free bread from bakeries, then sold it at double the normal price. The only good news was that Scottish roads were in such awful shape at Christmas there were fewer convictions than usual for drunk driving. It was as though the drunks were the only ones canny enough to stay home.

Newspapers bombarded readers with merciless headlines: "British Rail Gets Stuck in Ice Age....Blizzards Paralyse Britain....It's Colder than the South

for having behaved indecently but for bogging off work. She didn't care. After all, her old Dad told the world he was downright proud of her and, anyway, the stunt earned her another job. "Following the *Brideshead Revisited* TV serial," a spokesman for a chain of menswear shops explained, "the double-breasted look of the 1920s is now in fashion. We think the epitome of the double-breasted look could well be Erika." The chain would therefore pay her \$600 a day to model men's suits. With one deft stroke, the ample phantom of Twickenham had not only parlayed her assets to gain sudden personal advancement, she had also given millions of her fellow countrymen something

other than the weather to think about.

The Times of London printed a superbly deadpan footnote to the affair. Buried in yet another grisly weather wrap-up ("Blizzards Put Welsh Food Supplies in Danger"), this paragraph proved that *The Times* is still magnificent and lovable: "The Australian rugby football team, whose last game of their tour, against the Barbarians at Cardiff, was cancelled, found themselves stranded in a Porthcawl hotel with Miss Erika Roe, the girl who bared her bosom at Twickenham. Miss Roe was later rescued by a Mirror Group helicopter, leaving the rugby players to worry about their intended departure from Heathrow today."

Only in Britain, you say? Pity. ☒

"When the weather knocked out football and rugby fixtures, it definitely struck below the belt. That's where Erika came in or, rather, came out"

Pole!....Scotland Awash in Floods Chaos." But for millions of men the most demoralizing news of all appeared under heads like this: "Arctic Attack Wipes Out Sport" and, with regard to World Cup soccer prospects, "The Wintry Waste of England's Ambitions." When the weather knocked out football and rugby fixtures, it definitely struck below the belt.

That's where Erika came in or, rather, came out. An unsung but decidedly unhumble sales clerk in a Hampshire bookshop, she played hooky from her job one Saturday to attend a rugby match between England and Australia at Twickenham. This was one of the few sporting events the weather had failed to suppress, and winter spectacularly failed to suppress Erika as well. For at half-time—in full view of tens of thousands of fans, ecstatic press photographers and stunned bobbies—she dashed onto the field, and with one swift, sinuous, cross-armed motion, whipped off her sweater and bared her breasts to the bitter elements. "It was," she said, "done in fun." It was also front-page stuff in every newspaper in the country.

Her boss threatened to fire her, not

ULTRA LIGHT TASTE. MYERS'S WHITE RUM.

Vive les Expos! And wait till this year

In 1978 it was a broadcasting gamble. That was the year Halifax's AM radio station CHNS decided to pick up broadcasts of the Montreal Expos baseball games from CFCF in Montreal. Even station manager Hal Blackadar felt so uncertain about what kind of ratings the broadcasts would get that he delayed starting them until mid-season. Four years later, after a switch in 1981 to the station's FM channel, CHFX, Expos baseball captures one listener in five, according to audience surveys. "It's been very popular," Blackadar says. "Response has been very strong."

It just goes to show what some folks claim to have known all along: The Atlantic region is great baseball territory. (The games are also carried on CFCB in Corner Brook, Nfld., CJLS in Yarmouth, N.S., CHIN in Charlottetown; CFBC in Saint John; CKPE in Sydney and CKCL in Truro, N.S.) Fans here shared the disappointment of Montrealers on the chilly afternoon last October when Rick Monday of Los Angeles Dodgers hit a Steve Rogers pitch over the right-field fence of Montreal's Olympic Stadium to end the Expos' 1981 season. Many of them also shared the rallying cry that sprang up after the loss: Wait till next year.

Well, it's next year now and "Canada's team," as this bunch of Americans became in the stretch drive last fall, is ready to try again. Season ticket sales are up, there's optimism in the air and, early this year, record numbers of Montrealers were expected to take their winter vacations in West Palm Beach, where the Expos reported last month for spring training.

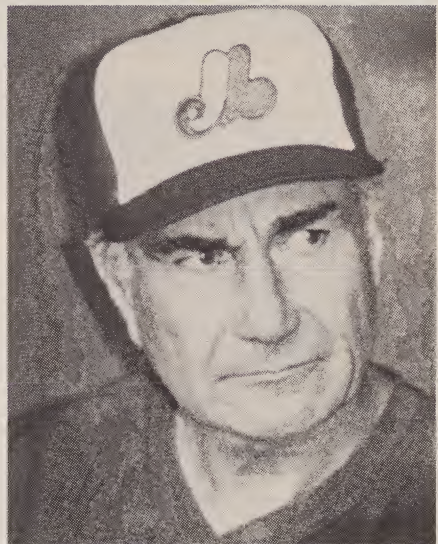
But for this year's fans, it's not just a matter of blind faith. "They'd better come through this year," says a bartender at the Bar-B-Barn, a downtown Montreal ribs joint, festooned with pictures of long-forgotten Expos. "They've got the talent. They're overdue."

He's got a point. The 1981 season marked the end of a third straight close-but-no-cigar year for the Expos. In 1979 the team lost to Pittsburgh in the last week of the season and the Pirates went on to win the National League championship and then the World Series. In 1980 the Philadelphia Phillies beat the Expos in the last week of play and then went on to win it all. Last year, Expos made it to the league final, took a two-games-to-one lead over Los Angeles, then blew it.

The Dodgers promptly whipped the New York Yankees in the Series.

Team officials know that Montreal's bridesmaid dress is looking tattered and that the team they field this year had better be different. Nobody, however, not even Jim Fanning, the team's manager, can say in advance just how the roster will read. Fanning, 54, is a new boy himself, having taken over the team last fall when Dick Williams was fired. It was Fanning who built up the Expos' astoundingly productive farm system and his style of calling the shots will be different: Some fans call him "move-a-minute Jim" because he makes substitutions much more often than Williams. But it worked. Fanning brought the team through the stretch of 1981's strike-shortened season and closer to the World Series than they've ever been in their 13 major-league years.

For a big contender, the 1982 Expos will have few players guaranteed spots in



Fanning: "Move-a-minute Jim"

the starting lineup—partly because of a bumper crop of young players from Fanning's farm system. Gary Carter, hero of two straight All Star Games and a streak hitter many call the best catcher in baseball, will be behind the plate. (Carter's contract, due to expire after this season, however, is mired in talks over a new long-term deal at up to \$2 million a year.) Tim Lincecum, a former Chicago Cub, signed as a free agent, will be back-up catcher.

Andre Dawson, who led the team's power hitters with 24 home runs last year, will be back in centre field; Chris Speier, whose try at free agency found no takers, is the likely shortstop. And Warren Cromartie, who hit .304 last year (Fanning says, "Any player who bats .300 shouldn't have to worry about being out of it") looks fairly safe at first base, in spite of his old reputation for failing in the clutch.

At second, Rodney Scott will face a

challenge from Tim (Rocket) Raines, a base-stealing sensation and former second baseman in the minors, who was converted to a left fielder last year. Raines isn't eager to play second, but he might. Another possibility is Wallace Johnson, who came through with some timely pinch hits in the stretch last season and has had a great winter season in the Dominican League, hitting in the high .300s.

At third base, Larry Parrish has been struggling with a wrist injury for two years and his journeyman talents on defence may not be able to compensate for his .244 batting average in 1981. The challengers at third will be Brad Mills, who's filled in for Parrish off and on for two years, and Tim Wallach, who can also play in the outfield.

The outfield, in fact, is crowded with prospects. One is Terry Francona, son of former big leaguer Tito Francona, who played a respectable left field while Raines was out with an injury in part of last year's "second season." Francona, along with Wallach and Jerry White—"the best fourth outfielder in baseball"—will all be looking for starting jobs in the outfield but, since Raines and Dawson will surely play every day, someone won't make it, even if Raines moves to second.

Pitching? The starters look fine but the relievers are a different story. Steve Rogers is back as the star of the staff and Bill Gullickson, Scott Sanderson and Ray Burris are all reliable starters. Charlie Lea, who threw a no-hitter last year, has had some arm problems but will probably make the team. David Palmer, brilliant in 1980 but plagued with a sore arm all last year, is doubtful. Bill Lee will make the odd start, but will probably show up most often as a "long reliever"—the guy who can pitch four or five innings when a starter gets into trouble early.

The main problem will be in the bullpen. Woody Fryman will be 42 in April. Jeff Reardon is erratic and Elias Sosa has trouble when he comes in with men on base—which is when most relief pitchers do come in. But Fanning has hopes for Tom Gorman and everybody hopes Reardon can settle down and be the man who comes out of the bullpen and salts away victories.

Whatever happens, the Expos look like a sure contender. Pittsburgh is clearly over the hill while Philadelphia and St. Louis look like the other major threats in the National League East. The snow may not have disappeared completely from Montreal but the faithful here, as well as in the radio audience throughout Atlantic Canada, are already looking forward to April 13, 1982—maybe the year—when the Expos play their home game opener against the Pirates.

— Brian Kappler

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Riley Brook and Nictau, N.B.

They're villages, really, not small towns and they nestle on the banks of the Tobique River, once a Mecca for American sports fishermen. Those golden days are over but a sense of timelessness hangs over the place. "It is the character of Tobique life that has changed," this writer says, "not its outward appearance"

By David Folster

Early morning on the Tobique River: Mists ascend the mountain just upstream from our lodge; birds trill from the island across the way; the air is damp and fresh. But one impression transcends all of the others—the mellow gurgle of a shallow river running over stones. This sound is what makes the scene unique, and it's a lullaby some people hear, and are hostage to, all of their lives. Wherever they stray, it summons them back—in their minds, at least—to days that were clean and golden, soft and peaceful. It is one of the world's great restorative sounds.

The Tobique is a fishing stream running out of the past. Timber seekers have stalked its valley for generations, and the hunters and fishermen who visited the river and its tributaries until the 1950s included some of the biggest names in American entertainment, sports, business and politics. Then came the power dams,

first on the Tobique, later on the main Saint John River, and the days of big fishing were over. Life on the river changed irrevocably. And yet, even today, an aura of timelessness hangs over the Tobique's upper stretches. Riverbank villages like Riley Brook and Nictau, though barely 80 km back from where the Tobique joins with the Saint John, remain sequestered places which still derive their main incomes from woodwork, hunting and fishing. It is the character of Tobique life that has changed, not its outward appearance.

Outwardly, that life is as idyllic as any in Atlantic Canada. When you drive into Riley Brook from Plaster Rock on Highway 385 you quickly notice that the village has an unusual number of log homes and cabins, and nearly every dooryard is festooned with canoes. Riley Brook is a pretty place, a hidden village sitting on an elongated plain surrounded by high hills. Its homes stand along the

Nictau Lake in Mount Carleton Park

highway which, in turn, follows the river, crossing it at the upper end of the village. Back of the homes, fields run out to the hills, and in June, when the dandelions bloom, the scene looks as though these hills have separated briefly to release a second, golden river which spreads, delta-like, across the plain.

Just beyond Riley Brook is Nictau, a village whose name comes from a Maliseet word meaning "forks" and signifying the drawing together at this point of separate branches of the Tobique into one main river. If you think of Riley Brook as the area's centre of commerce—by virtue of the two general stores which face each other across the highway near the bridge—then you may consider Nictau a bedroom community. Its few homes are spaced along the road, and for years the total population has never varied more than between 31 and 33 people. Nictau has stability. It also has the Miller canoe-making enterprise. On the Upper Tobique, canoes are almost as basic a vehicle as bicycles in Peking. And the craft that has been associated with the river most is the Miller canoe. Victor Miller, an outfitter and lumberman who wanted a flat-bottomed canoe more suited to poling on the rocky Tobique and its tributaries, built the first one more than 50 years ago.

Today, Victor's grandson, Bill Miller Jr., still makes them. He came back to

the family business, after a stint in the United States Navy, to become something of a rarity on the Upper Tobique—a young (he is now 36) single person. “Making canoes is very satisfying,” he said, “and I guess I’ll keep on doing it for a while. But most young people, as soon as they graduate, they leave. There isn’t anything they can do here. I was 28 or 29 when I came back here, and by that time all the girls my age were married.” The lack of a partner hasn’t hampered Bill’s canoe-making skills, however, and his craft continue to be much favored by paddlers.

Bill’s great grandfather, William Henry Miller, came to Nictau and in 1916-17 built a three-storey, 28-room hotel to cater to the woods and sporting trade. “I’ll never forget the dining room and the tables all made up with linen cloths,” says Bill’s father, Bill senior. “The hotel was filled all the time with teamsters and toters and wealthy Americans who came here with the Tobique Salmon Club and the Nictau Fish and Game Club. It was a stopover for all of these people.” The sporting parties travelled to and from camps which the clubs had on lakes and rivers all through the Tobique country. And, as a guide, Bill senior rubbed shoulders with rich and famous people. “John D. Rockefeller,” he declared. “He was the fellow who taught me to drink. I guided him for two years. One day I jiggled the canoe, and he fell right out.”

The verdant country around Riley Brook and Nictau is misleading. If you travel just a few miles into the interior you discover great swaths of clear-cut forest land, the wounds left ugly by the scar tissue of rubble and slash. Whole hillsides have been stripped bare. The cuts approach the borders of Mount Carleton Provincial Park, 42 km above Nictau, and in the summer of 1980 even the private road leading to the park was littered with branches. When I mentioned

this to the park staff, they replied that Fraser, a pulp, paper and lumber outfit, was widening the road to make it easier to remove logs. “This park will be just an oasis,” said one ranger.

The fate of the surrounding countryside grieves many Tobiquers. Some will tell you about the rumor that, once Fraser finished logging the country, its parent company, Noranda, would move in and mine it. But there’s an attitude of resignation. “I’d love to see not another stick of wood cut here,” one outfitter says, “but that’s too much to hope for.” Another explained the dilemma: “I’m very afraid of what’s going on,” he says, “but like everyone else, I’m reluctant to throw rocks at the lumber companies because I have to hunt on their lands.”

The feelings aren’t new, along the Tobique. In the 1950s, the New Brunswick Electric Power Commission constructed power dams at the mouth of the Tobique and at Beechwood on the Saint John. These dams, and the long deadwaters behind them, blocked the natural migration of Atlantic salmon into the Tobique system, and an era ended on the river.

“When I was a kid growing up here,” 71-year-old Blake Sutherland says, “I never saw anything but American money. That’s *all* you’d see here.” Sutherland, in suspender-held jeans, a plaid shirt and a mesh hat, is building a canoe, something he used to do at Miller’s and continues as

a retirement hobby. The Americans had been good for the Upper Tobique, he said. They protected the river, donated to the church, kept the communities going. When the area needed a district nurse, they even paid her salary year-round. “And you know I doubt very much whether anybody below Perth ever knew they were here.”

Well, they knew when *some* of them were here. Babe Ruth, for example. Or



Sutherland: American money kept the communities alive

Florenz Ziegfeld. “He was a tall man, and he sure threw his money around,” Sutherland says. “He and his wife came here and stayed at the Hayden Hotel in Riley Brook. She was a red-headed actress, Billie Burke. I used to walk up to the settlement at night to play ball, and every night I’d meet her walking along the road. Every American who came here paid for what he got. He paid his way. Then the power commission took over the river and spoiled it.”

Today, outfitting—the business of catering to “sports,” of “outfitting” them with canoes, guides, food and accommodation—is down to about four full-fledged practitioners on the Upper Tobique. They get bear hunters in the spring and fall, fishermen in summer (the river is stocked with trout and with salmon hauled by tank truck from below the dams), and bird and deer hunters in fall. Outfitting remains important to the local economy, employing 25 to 40 people at various times of the year. “You take that out of this village,” an outfitter at Riley Brook observes, “and you’ve taken a good part of the village out.”

Occasionally the business even attracts new adherents. Helen and Al King ran a mobile catering business in Moncton for more than 20 years before finally deciding “it was getting the best of us” and moving to Riley Brook. Now they’re outfitters operating out of an attractive establishment they call the



Riley Brook: A hidden village surrounded by high hills

PHOTOS BY STEPHEN HOMER

SMALL TOWNS

Little Bald Peak Lodge. On the day I arrived they had three bear hunters from the United States staying with them. "They sleep up there in the loft," said Al as he showed me into the main lodge building. "We take them out hunting about 3:30 or 4 o'clock and leave them there until dark. We have about 20 stands within four to 25 miles from here." When I asked what "stands" were, Al replied: "Well, we don't like to talk about this too much because it gets a few people upset, but we have to do a bit of baiting to get bear. It's the way it's done everywhere. We get refuse from slaughterhouses and put it into 45-gallon drums and set them out on our stands. Most of our bear are shot between 8 o'clock and 10 o'clock, just before dark. Most are taken for trophies—the skin and the head—but some of these fellows like the meat too. Myself, I find the more you chew, the more you've got."

One outfitter estimates that every bear shot is worth \$2,500 to \$4,500 to the local economy. "That's not bad for an animal that's held in zero esteem elsewhere in the province," he says. It is a strange sport, though, possessing neither the sense of pursuit that some hunts do nor the analytical challenges of fishing. In bear hunting, the kill is everything. The hunter sits or stands in a blind, eagle-eyed and oiled in insect repellent, sometimes for hours on end, waiting for a bear to hove into view. Then, if

he's lucky, he raises his rifle and, in a few explosive seconds, conducts the entire business of the hunt. After that the outfitter or guide gets the dead animal out of the woods, and skins it. For the hunter-guest, the whole process can be remarkably antiseptic.

Al King's partner is a wiry Riley Brook native, Merle Everett, who came back to the village in 1972 after being away for 20 years. Being back home was great for Merle, but his wife, Elsie, a dark-haired French Canadian with a quick smile who is from Portage la Prairie, Man., had trouble adjusting to Riley Brook's hills. "I felt they were closing in on me," she says. But now she paints, and her oil landscapes, many done on fungi gathered in the woods, are

colorful and detailed. Whenever somebody moves away from the area, they come to Elsie and request a painting, not of the Tobique River, but of a conical, barren-topped local landmark called Bald Peak. Elsie says she's lost track of how many times she's painted Bald Peak.

Other big mountains lie north of Riley Brook and Nictau, within the boundaries of Mount Carleton Provincial Park. Here the tall face of Mount Sagamook looms over Nictau Lake, and elsewhere in the 180-km park there are other peaks, including the park's namesake—at 820m, the highest mountain in the Maritime provinces. One morning, photographer Stephen Homer and I

parts of three more major river systems—the Saint John, Miramichi and Restigouche. The day is clear and sunny, but I'm forced to put my jacket on. "It's always windy up here," says Rudi. "I came up here picking cow berries one time in August, and it was snowing. Boy, it was cold."

Because the snow does fall copiously on New Brunswick's north-central highlands, the provincial government a few years ago produced a spectacular year-round development plan for Mount Carleton Park. In addition to summer attractions, it envisaged ski areas, lodges and winter campgrounds. But the government never found the

money for the massive development, and Mount Carleton remains a primitive park offering fishing, hiking, camping and canoeing.

Wilderness buffs aren't displeased with the outcome. But if the park were ever to become a full-fledged tourist attraction, the effect would be felt in Riley Brook and Nictau too, and it's a prospect some residents find appealing for its economic benefit. On my last day in the area, I stop to see Fred Webb, a veteran outfitter who caters to sportsmen from all over North America. "In a place like this," Webb says, "every man, woman and child could work in some aspect of the tourist industry."

He is undoubtedly

right—the river, mountains and comfortable ambience of the Upper Tobique add up to a place that you imagine could be transformed into a semi-isolated hideaway that would pack in tourists. And maybe the area needs such a development—as a foil to the rapacious timber-cutters and a source of employment for young people, most of whom now must leave to find work. But, considering the impact of tourism on the Upper Tobique, my mind floats back up to the top of Mount Carleton. It was silent, majestic, lovely. And, selfish as this sounds, I know it just wouldn't have been the same had I encountered there a lady from the Bronx—or even a vacationing undertaker from Halifax.



Mount Carleton's peak is the pinnacle of the Maritimes

drove to the foot of Mount Carleton with the assistant park supervisor, Rudi Richter. The walk to the top is easy, and at last we leave the trees and climb through some low bushes to emerge on the rock that is the very pinnacle of the Maritimes. An old wooden fire wardens' lookout topped by a cupola sits anchored to the rock by wire. "Geez, those guys must have been scared during an electrical storm," Rudi says. But the wardens' view was Olympian. Below us the forest stretches like a huge quilt of light and dark greens, its surface ruffled by ridges and promontories. To the east are lakes at the beginning of the Nepisiguit River, which flows all the way to the Baie des Chaleurs. And tucked in among the mountains in other directions are

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GARDEN IN THE SEA

2 7 oz (198 g) cans Bye the Sea Solid White Tuna, chopped	¼ tsp. (1.2 mL) nutmeg ½ cup (125 mL) white wine ½ cup (125 mL) gruyere cheese, shredded
¼ cup (62.5 mL) butter	1 11 oz. (311.8 g) package frozen mixed vegetables
¼ lb. (113.4 g) sliced mushrooms	2 lbs. (908 g) potatoes, cooked and mashed
¼ cup (62.5 mL) diced onions	1 egg yolk
¼ cup (62.5 mL) flour	2 tbsp. (30 mL) melted butter
1 cup (250 mL) light cream	Grated parmesan
¼ tsp. (1.2 mL) salt and pepper ea.	

Sauté mushrooms and onion in butter. Stir in flour. Gradually stir in cream, salt, pepper, nutmeg. Reduce heat and stir till thickened. Stir in cheese, until melted. Add wine, Tuna and mixed vegetables. Bring to a boil, stirring, reduce heat and cook 3-4 minutes. Pour into coquille shells. Add egg yolk to hot mashed potatoes, and pipe around the edge of coquille shell. Brown under broiler, 5-6 inches from heat, until golden brown.



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White Tuna
Discover its rare taste.

Soup, beautiful soup

By Pat Lotz

Soup is the most ancient and ubiquitous of all dishes. Recipes range from exotic to simple, and you can also manage very nicely with no recipe at all. The main thing to remember when creating your own soups is this: If you're uncertain about how much liquid to use, err on the side of too little. It's easy to thin down a thick, concentrated soup but difficult to add flavor to a weak one.

Minestrone

There are probably as many versions of this Italian vegetable soup as there are communities in Italy. The common characteristic is some kind of bean, dried, fresh or both. You can vary the vegetables according to season, and if you want to use up those small portions of leftover veggies in the fridge, pop them into the pot in the last 10 minutes of cooking.

½ cup dried haricot or pea beans
2 tbsp. olive oil
1 clove garlic, crushed
1 large onion, chopped
2 leeks, sliced
2 cups chopped carrot
½ cup finely chopped celery
1 cup chopped zucchini
1 cup green beans, cut in 3-inch lengths
4 cups canned tomatoes, or fresh tomatoes peeled and chopped
salt and pepper to taste
6 cups soup stock
2 cups chopped spinach
½ cup ditali or elbow macaroni
½ cup grated Parmesan

Soak beans overnight in water to cover. In large pot, sauté garlic, onion and next 5 ingredients for 10 minutes. Add drained beans, tomatoes, salt, pepper and stock. Bring to a boil, reduce heat, cover pan and simmer until beans are tender, about 2 hours. Add spinach and macaroni, cook for 10 minutes or until macaroni is cooked. Serve hot, in heated bowls, liberally sprinkled with Parmesan. Serves 6-8.

Pea Soup

Both Canada and Sweden give a prominent place in their national cuisine to yellow pea soup and use salt pork to flavor it. French Canadians dice the pork but the Swedes leave it whole, removing it later to slice and eat with hot spicy mustard. The Dutch also like pea soup, made with green

peas and pig's knuckle. Here is a pea soup recipe from the Maritimes.

2 cups split yellow peas
8 cups water
1 meaty ham bone
¾ cup chopped onion
¾ cup chopped carrot
½ tsp. thyme
salt and pepper to taste

Soak peas overnight in cold water. Add ham bone, onion, carrot and seasonings and bring to a boil. Reduce heat, cover pan and simmer until peas are soft, about 3 hours. Remove bone, adjust seasonings and serve very hot. If you like, you can put the mixture through a blender or food processor and serve garnished with croutons. Serves 6-8.

Onion Soup Gratinée

This is probably the most famous of French soups. The crust of bubbling cheese is traditionally made from shredded Gruyère, but I prefer mozzarella, lots of it. In fact, my husband's standard remark when I serve this soup is, "I see we're having a little onion soup with our mozzarella."

4 large yellow onions, thinly sliced
2 tbsp. butter
1 tbsp. olive oil
1 heaped tbsp. flour
6 cups beef broth
6 slices French bread, cut ½-inch thick
1 cup (or more) grated cheese
2 tbsp. melted butter

Sauté onions in butter and oil until very slightly browned. Sprinkle with flour and cook over low heat until golden, taking care not to let onion become dark brown. Add broth, bring to a boil, stirring constantly with a wooden spoon, then simmer, uncovered, for 20 minutes. Dry slices of bread in a heated oven after the heat has been turned off (do not toast them). Pour soup into individual ovenproof casseroles, top with

a slice of bread and sprinkle with cheese. Add pepper and a sprinkling of melted butter. Place casseroles in a preheated 450° F. oven for 10 minutes, finishing off with a few seconds under the broiler. Serves 6.

Greek Chicken and Lemon Soup

This is a light soup that makes a pleasant opening for a hearty meal.

4 cups chicken stock
¼ cup rice
2 eggs
1 lemon
salt and pepper
2 tbsp. finely chopped parsley

Add rice to boiling chicken stock, cover, reduce heat and simmer for 20 minutes or until rice is cooked. Beat eggs with the juice of 1 lemon. Add a little hot stock, stirring continuously until mixture is smooth and blended. Remove stock and rice from heat, add eggs and lemon and stir well. Season with salt and pepper and serve immediately with garnish of parsley. Serves 4.

Swedish Fruit Soup

You can serve this soup warm or cold as an appetizer or dessert. It's also rather nice sprinkled with cereal for breakfast.

3 cups mixed dried fruit
6 cups cold water
¾ cup sugar
1 tsp. cinnamon
2 slices lemon, ½-inch thick
3 tbsp. quick-cooking tapioca

Soak the dried fruit in water for an hour. Add sugar, cinnamon, lemon and tapioca, and heat to boiling. Reduce heat, cover pan and simmer for 20 minutes, stirring occasionally to prevent sticking. Cool to room temperature. Remove lemon slices and if there are any unpitted prunes in the mixture, remove stones. Put soup into a food processor and process with a few on and off turns. Serves 6.





The secret life of lobsters

Like all good photographers, Gilbert van Ryckevorsel first puts his subjects at ease—and they include not only lobsters but all forms of underwater life. Then his camera records them in the depths of Nova Scotian waters

By Pam Lutz

He makes friends with lobsters at the bottom of Halifax harbor. He lies shoulder-to-shoulder with salmon in Nova Scotia's St. Marys River. He swims with schools of bluefin tuna, getting to know them individually by color, markings and personality. Then he takes their portraits—stunning close-ups that show how the creatures of the rivers and seas look at home, underwater.

To Gilbert van Ryckevorsel, a Dartmouth, N.S., underwater photographer, that world is as familiar as a city park is to a dedicated bird watcher. Winter and summer, he dives to depths of six to 150 feet with his watertight Nikonos camera, shooting everything from sponges to shipwrecks from a distance of three to four feet. A former brewery employee, he describes himself as an "amateur naturalist," and he's fiercely protective of the marine creatures he's been photographing for the past nine years. "When you begin to look at them as food," he says, "everything changes. But when you see them feeding out of your hand, it's fascinating."

Van Ryckevorsel spends so much time underwater, he's come to see distinctive personality traits in members of the marine society. The lobster, for instance, is "an animal hardly opposed by anything." Once he encountered a large lobster in the Halifax harbor, feasting on mussels and discarding the cracked shells around him in a circle. "I approached him, and he sat there, claws extended, ready to attack any intruders," van Ryckevorsel recalls. He started feeding the lobster, who eventually "became gregarious." After that, he says, he could photograph it from all directions without fearing the loss of a finger should he get too close. "Actually," he says, "small lobsters are quicker and more dangerous. The bigger they are, the more sluggish they are."

Salmon are "self-conscious" fish who let him approach them only because "they realize the large creature in front of them can't move as fast as they can." He photographs them in the St. Marys River in Guysborough County, snorkeling day after day in the same spawning pool. Anchoring himself in the current with a 10-pound weight, he'll lie with the fish facing the current until they become used to his presence—"sometimes lying shoulder-to-shoulder with me." Once, he watched an inch-long silver fish teasing a salmon that was lying just below the

surface. "It swam closely past the salmon's eyes. The little fish started bugging the salmon, darting back and forth around his nose." Then, because a salmon's patience can be tried just so far, he ended the game suddenly. "The salmon exploded, and, as if shot from an arrow, he went after the little fish. Then the salmon disappeared out of sight for a while but eventually returned to his spot in the pool."

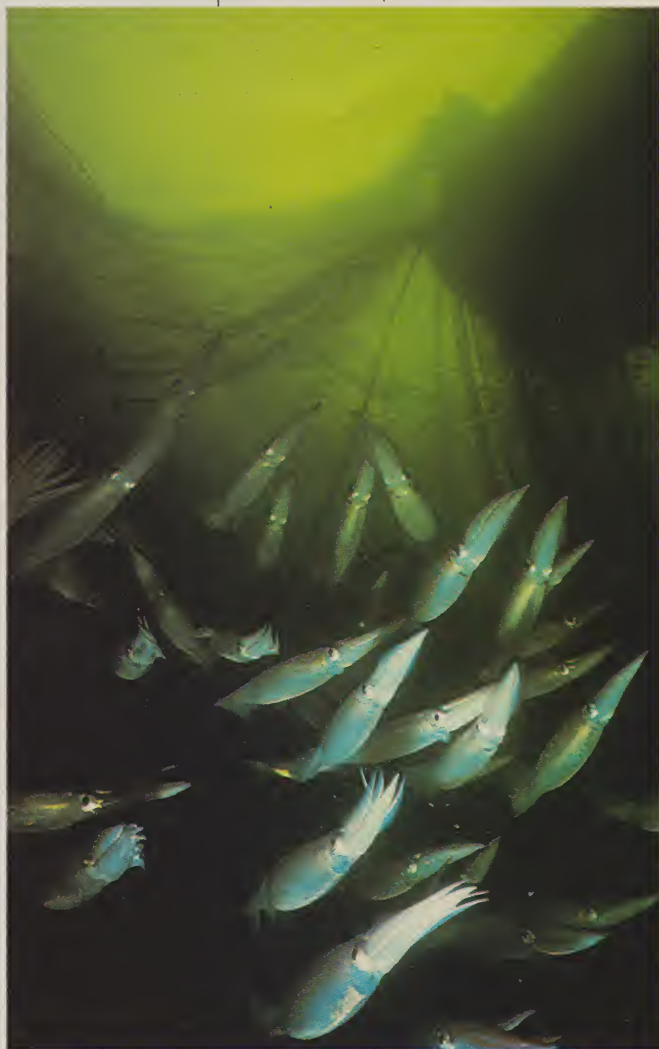
Van Ryckevorsel, who's been diving for 27 of his 43 years, started taking pictures underwater as a guide for visiting photographers from *National Geographic* and *Fortune* magazines. Diving with the American photographers at a tuna farm in St. Margarets Bay, southeast of Halifax, he learned the rudiments of his new career on the spot.

At first, he says, he was a bit apprehensive about swimming among 75 or 80 tuna, each weighing up to 800 pounds. The tuna are a "curious, investigative fish," he says, and "they would come up real close and very fast, and their fins would touch me." Eventually, he started visiting the holding nets every day—sometimes for two weeks at a time—and learned to recognize individual fish by appearance and personality. Some were shy; others were so bold, "you'd have to get used to their approach—as if they had no fear of you." Once, he grabbed the tail of an eight- or nine-footer. "The power was so strong, it pulled me maybe 10 feet. I had to let go or the fish would surely have broken my wrist."

On another tuna-filming expedition, when he was acting as a guide for John and Janet Foster of



Van Ryckevorsel: An "amateur naturalist"



Squid caught in a fisherman's net

DAVID NICHOLS

GILBERT VAN RYCKEVORSEL

CBC television's *Wild Canada*, the diving team spotted a massive, pink island of mating jellyfish, extending over several acres. Van Ryckevorsel dove into the middle of this submerged "island." "It was a pulsating mass of fishes with the sunlight shining through them from the surface," he says. "It was like something in science fiction, being within this mass. It felt as if I were surrounded by living cells."

Van Ryckevorsel does most of his diving in summer when the water temperature is a comfortable 15 or 16

degrees Celsius, and on clear, calm days, when visibility is good. But occasionally, he also dives for two or three hours at a time in waters barely above the freezing point, wearing a set of long underwear under his diving suit. Often, he takes photographs from inside a fishing net to get close enough to his subjects. "In the open water, you could have them swimming all around you and never see them," he says.

The visibility problem is partly a result of large numbers of tiny plankton, which appear as a haze in salt water. Van


Ryckevorsel always carries a flash unit, which allows him to capture the full spectrum of color in the underwater environment. And the colors can be spectacular. "Many people still do not associate the colors with waters here," he says. "This area has been grossly underestimated by other photographers."

Van Ryckevorsel, born in Holland, trained as a master brewer in Germany, then moved to Nova Scotia in 1969, after spending a year in Montreal. In the late Sixties, he began working with stained glass and mirror-glass sculpture (pieces of glass cut and pieced together to form a design). This career has since become just a hobby, but the home he shares with his wife, Judith, and their two daughters, is filled with samples of his nautical designs.

Last year, his underwater photographs won prizes in a contest sponsored by the Foundation Diving Sport in Holland, and this spring, *Nature Canada*, a photographic nature magazine, will publish his work. The Nova Scotia Department of Tourism also will use his photographs in a brochure promoting organized dives for tourists at shipwreck sites. Van Ryckevorsel, a member of the Underwater Archeology Society of Nova Scotia, says there are four or five wrecks for every mile of coastline around the province. He and other members of the society now are working on the Terence Bay wreck, retrieving items ranging from initialled spoons to brass-buckled shoes from what appears to be a schooner from the mid-1700s.

Two of van Ryckevorsel's other projects stem from his salmon studies. He's seeking funding from the Canada Council and other sources to publish a book documenting salmon migration in the Maritimes. And, working with the Foundation Diving Sport, he's putting together an exhibition of photos from Nova Scotian salmon pools. He hopes to display the photographs in Europe to promote further cleanup of major European rivers. (These rivers once were home to massive salmon populations, which now are virtually extinct.)

The growing pollution problem in Nova Scotia rivers—caused by acid rain and other industrial waste—distresses van Ryckevorsel. In parts of the Shubenacadie River, he says, he's discovered increasing evidence of pollution damage to underwater life. The sucker, a long, thin fish, is one victim. "These fish were plentiful here five years ago," he says. "Now there are fewer fish and more of them are blind. (The photographs show that the pupils of their eyes are white.) "In one portion of the river," he says, "no plant or fish life exists at all."

Unless Maritimers start cleaning up their own rivers, van Ryckevorsel fears, they may end up as badly polluted as the European streams. Should that happen, much of the beauty of the secret, underwater society would remain only in the photographic records of naturalists like van Ryckevorsel himself. 

GILBERT VAN RYCKEVORSEL



A 15-pound lobster at home on the ocean floor

Hit-and-run justice

When Benny Peters died on a Maine highway, a hit-and-run driver—a policeman—got a \$100 fine. Many people, including the Canadian government, want to know why

One foggy night last August, a car ran over Joseph Benjamin (Benny) Peters, 21, a Micmac Indian from Big Cove, N.B., on a deserted road in northeast Maine. The car slowed down, then its lights went out, then it sped off, witnesses say. A few minutes later, Murray Seavey, deputy sheriff and police chief, arrived on the scene and began asking Indians from a nearby migrant workers' camp what they had seen.

A month later, Seavey admitted in court he was the driver of the car that struck Peters and drove away. But he suggested that Peters already may have been dead when he ran over him.

The judge fined Seavey \$100.

However, that wasn't the end of the Peters affair. Anger over the handling of the case exploded in October. John E. Purlington, a member of the Milbridge, Me., town council, wrote in a guest column in the *Bangor News*: "The whole affair stinks to high heaven." Patricia Francis of Indian Island, near Big Cove, helped form a committee to monitor the case. Indian organizations in Maine and New Brunswick demanded explanations and, last December, the Maine Attorney-General's Department started an investigation. The Canadian government has asked for a report. And Peters' aunt, Irene Augustine of Deblois, Me., is suing Seavey for \$500,000.

Peters had gone to Deblois, near Cherryfield, about 144 km west of New Brunswick, with dozens of other Micmacs from reserves north of Moncton. After midnight, Aug. 17, he wandered off from a group of 15 young people partying in the Jasper Wyman Co. camp. At 2:30 a.m., Peters apparently was either lying or sitting on Route 193, an asphalt road running beside the camp. Seavey, 50, chief of the Cherryfield volunteer police department, a Washington County deputy sheriff, and a Wyman Co. private security officer, was driving a police car on police business when he struck Peters. After he left the scene, he called state police to report a "hit and run." Only after the investigation began pointing at him days later did

he admit that he was the driver of the car.

Patricia Francis had been in the group of 15 with Peters and was still up when the accident happened. "All of a sudden," she recalls, "we heard this terrible sound. Somebody said, 'Somebody got killed.' I was really shaking..." Peter Joe Augustine Jr. of Big Cove says when he heard the thud, he knew someone had been killed. "But then the car drove away. So I said, it couldn't be. It must have been a porcupine."

Francis says the police car with Seavey and another officer in it showed up a few minutes later. The car stopped near the body. "They got out, but didn't go look at the body," she says. "They went around and looked at the front of their car." Seavey later said that he had only run over Peters' legs; Francis says the body was "totally mangled." Augustine recalls Seavey asking Indians who had come running to the scene, "What did you see?" But he didn't reveal his own involvement.

Within days, the camp buzzed with

rumors that the police had "killed" Peters and planned a coverup. The newly formed committee complained about the slow pace of the investigation. Then authorities indicated they would present evidence for a felony indictment to a grand jury. (A felony is a charge that could result in imprisonment.) A few weeks later, they said the evidence didn't warrant so serious a charge.

On Sept. 21 in Machias, Seavey pleaded *nolo contendere* (no contest) to leaving the scene of an accident, which carries a maximum fine of \$1,000. His lawyer, John Romei, said Seavey called the state police at the camp telephone minutes after the accident; he had gone to the camp to pick up a second officer. Romei also said there was a speck of blue-green paint, possibly from another car, on Peters' clothing. Investigators said Peters had been intoxicated with a blood test reading of .11. Judge Millard Emanuelson imposed the "usual" \$100 fine.

Francis doesn't buy the story of a second car. She says no car came down the road for a "very long time" prior to the thud. "It was quiet. You could hear everything." Investigators found no streaks of blood on the pavement to indicate that the body was passed over more than once.

Benny Peters probably wouldn't understand why so many people care about his death. So few cared about his life. He was brought up from age seven by foster parents, Archie and Mary Barlow of Indian Island. Before that, he lived only some of the time with his real parents. His father, now in prison on a second rape conviction, was so violent when Benny was little that "Benny used to hide under the bed whenever his father started to drink," Mary Barlow says. Benny hardly knew his real mother. Two years ago, he went to visit her in Saint John and found her on a slab at the morgue. Benny only progressed to Grade 3 in school. "He could never learn to read or write," Mary says. He was happiest in the outdoors: He hunted and fished. He cut logs, picked potatoes and did odd jobs at the Boston Indian Office. A stocky five-foot-eight, he learned how to box, and he played hockey. Says Mary Barlow: "Benny was a good boy."

Not everyone believes the fuss over Peters' death is warranted. Washington County sheriff Robert Higgins says that in 1977, an Indian driver left the scene of an accident after running over a white pedestrian and was convicted on the same charge as Seavey.

Seavey says of the case: "I was a victim of circumstances." He can't be placed in double jeopardy, so he won't be charged again in connection with the accident—no matter what the Maine attorney-general's investigation finds.

— Jon Everett



Barlow: "Benny was a good boy"



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Source: *Survey of the U.S. Economy*, 1997, p. 10.

and was still able to do the things I could do. It was a miracle. One day right before I turned 100 in 1980, and he placed beside me. Mary Ellen White was a great girl.

1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 2680, 26

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A child's daily struggle against cerebral palsy

Emily Gow, 3, can finally sit up, crawl and talk. Her parents credit a controversial exercise program and a lot of help from her friends

Lying on a table in her bedroom, three-year-old Emily Gow starts the hour-long exercise routine she follows five times a day, seven days a week. Her mother, Tineke, turns Emily's head from side to side; two other women, singing children's songs, extend and contract Emily's legs, over and over again. Later, Emily works out on homemade exercise equipment, chinning herself on a horizontal bar, sliding on her abdomen through an eight-foot tunnel.

For Emily, who has cerebral palsy, the exercise sessions have been a way of life for more than a year and a half. Volunteers from the community—about 80 in all—come to the Gows' home in St. John's, Nfld., in shifts to help Emily through a regimen that takes five hours every day.

The program is a little-known and controversial method of treating brain-damaged people, involving passive exercises known as patterning, and active exercises such as creeping and crawling. Known as the Doman-Delacato program, it was developed more than 20 years ago by physical therapist Glen Doman, psychologist Carl Delacato and neurologist Temple Fay at Philadelphia's Institutes for the Achievement of Human Potential. It's based on the theory that exercises can create new "activity paths" in healthy brain cells to help compensate for the damaged ones. In Newfoundland, about eight families are using patterning on brain-damaged children; the Gows were one of the first to try the program.

Three days after Emily Gow was born, doctors told her parents, John and Tineke Gow, that their daughter's brain was moderately to severely damaged. At six months, she had paralysis in her left side, and her arms and legs were spastic. At age two, she functioned at the level of an eight-month-old child. Her eyes wouldn't focus; she couldn't grasp anything in her hands, crawl or sit up. She had hearing problems and no sense of touch.

When the Gows began the Doman-Delacato program, Emily at first showed only vague hints of improvement. "In

the first two months," her mother says, "we had signs that something was happening, and that made it easier to continue." About six months into the program, Emily crawled for the first time. Then she learned to sit up and pick up objects. Now she can identify colors, recognize people and places. She has a vocabulary of more than 200 words, her mother says.

The program began with the help of 16 volunteers. Now a core group of about 25—mostly housewives and students—come to the Gows' every week; others help out only in the summer, or drop in once a month. "There are always



Emily Gow and volunteer Mary Inglis

people in and out," Tineke Gow says. "During the day, people keep me going. They keep me happy, too. There's many a community meal here."

Rosemary Barnard, a friend of the family who co-ordinates the volunteers, says they are "fantastic. I ring them up and give them an hour's notice, and they say 'No problem.' I often think that it is, but they do it anyway." The Gows hope that Emily will have progressed enough in the next year to do the exercises without outside help.

Dr. John Ross, the Gows' family physician, says Emily's development in cognitive areas such as speech and comprehension is close to that of any three-year-old. She's still behind in motor skills such as walking but Ross says he's sure Emily will eventually learn to walk. "The achievements of this kid will be far

ahead of any expectations that we had," he predicts.

Emily's parents believe her progress is a direct result of the Doman-Delacato program. Without it, they say, she might have ended up in an institution. But the family is swimming against a heavy tide of medical opinion. Among the program's strongest critics are the American Academy of Cerebral Palsy, the American Academy of Pediatrics, the American Academy of Physical Medicine and Rehabilitation and the Canadian Association for Retarded Children.

Dr. Margaret Cox, a St. John's pediatrician who works with brain-damaged children at the Children's Rehabilitation Centre, says there's no scientific proof that the Doman-Delacato method is successful. Children have made progress

with simpler, less intense programs, she says. And, unlike orthodox treatment, such as physiotherapy, the "patterning" exercises can be painful for cerebral palsy children with stiff limbs.

"Of course it's uncomfortable," Ross says. "Some of those kiddies are crying right throughout the first few months of the program." But the active and passive exercises, he says, keep the joints from going stiff. Emily, who was spastic when her program started, enjoys it now. "She didn't when I first saw her."

Wayne Nesbitt, coordinator of Memorial University's undergraduate program in special education, argues, like

Cox, that the Doman-Delacato method wrongly assumes that the same treatment should be applied for all types of brain damage. It's also based on questionable theory—that a child passes through evolutionary stages during development—and places too heavy a burden on the family, Nesbitt says. Emily Gow has benefited "from some aspects of the program," he concedes, but she may have made similar progress under more orthodox methods.

Obviously, the Gows disagree. John Gow, an associate professor of microbiology at Memorial, says the program is inexpensive (the major costs are assessment fees by a representative of the Philadelphia institutes) and is based on common sense. If better treatment methods exist, he says, "well, let's see them."

— Pat Roche

CALENDAR

NEW BRUNSWICK

March—Theatre New Brunswick presents "Side by Side by Sondheim," March 6-13, Fredericton; March 15, Edmundston; March 16, Campbellton; March 17, Bathurst; March 18, Chatham; March 19, 20, 22, Moncton; March 23, Sussex; March 24-26 Saint John; March 27, St. Stephen

March—N.B. Hawks play—March 10, 13, Nova Scotia; March 21, Fredericton; March 24, 28, New Hampshire, March 27, Adirondack, The Coliseum, Moncton

March—McCain Maritime Cup: N.B. Hawks play—March 10, 13, Nova Scotia; March 21, Fredericton, The Coliseum, Moncton

March 1-20—"From an Icicle You Have Created Winter": An exhibit, Galerie Restigouche, Campbellton

March 1-31—Saint John Art Club "Juried Art Show," City Hall, Saint John

March 2-April 2—Roger Savage: Prints 1971-1981, Sunbury Shores Arts and Nature Centre, St. Andrews

March 3-7—Ice Capades, The Coliseum, Moncton

March 5-7—Men's N.B. Junior Championship (curling), St. Leonard Curling Club

March 6—McCain Maritime Cup, Fredericton Express vs. Nova Scotia, Aitken Centre, Fredericton

March 6—Moostar Number Two (Downhill skiing), Campbellton

March 6, 7—Fraser Cup Number Four, N.B. Championship (Cross-country skiing), Edmundston

March 11-14—CIAU National Championship Hockey, The Coliseum, Moncton

March 14-20—Uniroyal World Junior Curling Championship, Aitken Centre, Fredericton

March 19-21—Men's N.B. Diamond Senior Bonspiel (curling), Edmundston

March 27-April 25—About Free Lands: An exhibit illustrating the settlement of eastern Europeans in western Canada, National Exhibition Centre, Fredericton

March 29-April 17—Pegi Nicol MacLeod: Retrospective, Galerie Restigouche, Campbellton

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

March 1-28—Views from an Island: Works by artist Terry Dunton, Eptek National Exhibition Centre, Summerside

March 6—Lois Marshall: Distinguished Canadian soprano, Confederation Centre, Charlottetown

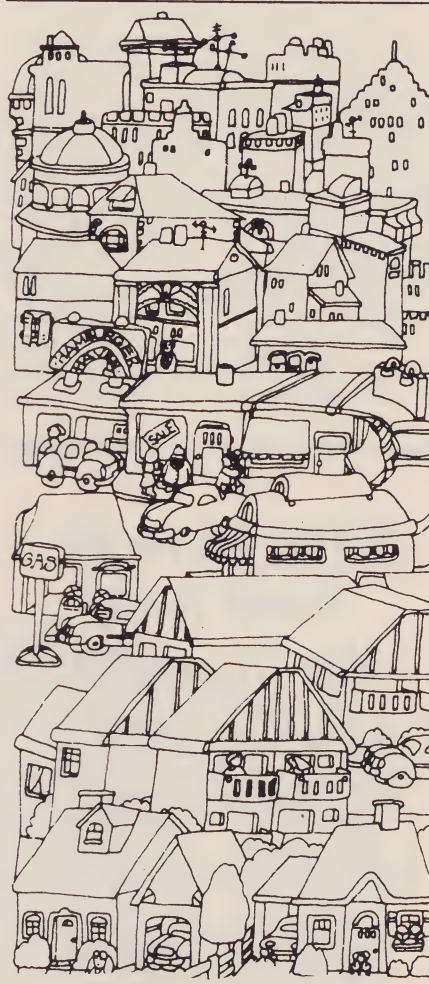
March 10-April 4—Goodridge Roberts: Paintings, Confederation

Centre Art Gallery, Charlottetown
March 13—The Ink Spots, Confederation Centre

March 14—Musicians' Gallery Sunday concert series presents "The York Winds," Confederation Centre Art Gallery

March 20—P.E.I. Symphony, Confederation Centre

March 24—The Cantata Singers, Confederation Centre



NOVA SCOTIA

March—Nova Scotia Voyageurs play—March 4, 7, Fredericton; March 14, Moncton; March 28, Adirondack; March 30, New Haven, Metro Centre, Halifax

March—McCain Maritime Cup: N.S. Voyageurs play—March 4, 7, Fredericton; March 14, New Brunswick, Metro Centre, Halifax

March 1, 2—Atlantic Symphony Orchestra with guest conductor Uri Mayer, Dalhousie Arts Centre, Halifax

March 1-21—Neptune Theatre presents "Ever-Loving," a bittersweet portrayal of three Canadian war-brides, Halifax

March 1-28—75 Years of Scouting: A collection of scouting memorabilia, N.S. Museum, Halifax

March 3-April 9—Three Cape Breton Artists, Lunenburg Art Gallery

March 6—Vancouver Chamber Choir, Dalhousie Arts Centre, Halifax

March 7—Canadian Hostelling Association-sponsored cross-country ski trip at Grand Lake or Rawdon. Registration at Trail Shop, Halifax

March 15-20—Art and Technology Festival, co-ordinated by artist-in-residence Sarah Jackson, Technical University of Nova Scotia, Halifax

March 18—Lois Marshall: Distinguished Canadian soprano, Dalhousie Arts Centre

March 19-April 18—Sybil Andrews: Printmaker, Mount Saint Vincent University Art Gallery, Halifax

March 22-April 30—Joe Sleep (1914-1978): A folk artist, Bloomfield Centre, Antigonish

March 24-27—The Royal Winnipeg Ballet, Dalhousie Arts Centre

March 25-May 10—Francis Da Silva: Paintings and murals by a Nova Scotia folk artist, Art Gallery of Nova Scotia, Halifax

March 28—3rd Annual Halifax Antiquarian Book Fair, Lord Nelson Hotel, Halifax

March 28—Atlantic Symphony Orchestra featuring violinist Emanuel Borok, Dalhousie Arts Centre, Halifax

NEWFOUNDLAND

March—A Breath of Scotland: An evening of Scottish song and dance, Arts and Culture Centres; March 27, St. John's; March 29, Gander; March 30, Grand Falls; March 31, Corner Brook

March 1-5—Winter Carnival, Labrador City

March 7-13—Labrador North Creative Arts Festival, Goose Bay

March 9—The Ink Spots, Arts and Culture Centre, Corner Brook

March 9—Vancouver Chamber Choir, Arts and Culture Centre, St. John's

March 15—Agatha Christie's "The Hollow," Arts and Culture Centres; March 11-14, St. John's; March 15, Gander; March 16, Grand Falls; March 17, Corner Brook

March 17-20—The Wonderful Grand Band, Arts and Culture Centre, St. John's
March 21-27—Newfoundland/Labrador Winter Games, Labrador City

March 26—Newfoundland Symphony Orchestra featuring pianist Maureen Volk, Arts and Culture Centre, St. John's

March 27—Labrador Heritage Society Dog Races, Goose Bay

Here comes Ottawa's pork barrel, filled with government jobs

Move over, Ottawa-Hull. Atlantic Canadians are finally getting their turn at the civil service trough

More than 15 years ago, I went to work for the federal government. I was living in Toronto at the time and was anxious, like so many others, for an opportunity to head back down the road. I thought I saw the perfect chance when an ad by the Atlantic Development Board for an information officer was brought to my attention. Hurrah, just the thing to get me back to Halifax. Instead, I discovered that the ADB had its entire staff located in Ottawa—despite the fact that its sole mandate was to promote the economic development of the Atlantic provinces. I took the job anyway. Anything was better than Toronto.

To hear a lot of people tell it, Ottawa is just as centralized, just as isolated now as it was then. In a January speech in Toronto, John Bulloch, the feisty president of the Canadian Federation of Independent Business, said that Canada has become "a collection of armed camps...the provinces fighting Ottawa...business fighting Ottawa. Unions fighting Ottawa." To Bulloch, the grave danger to Canadian society, "now and in the foreseeable future, is the overwhelming concentration of power in Ottawa in a few hands and its unilateral exercise."

The public outcry over the Nov. 12 federal budget indicates that "the powerful, myopic technocrats in Ottawa" (Bulloch's phrase) haven't let much power slip from their hands. Indeed, if business spokesmen like Bulloch are to be taken at their word, power is more centralized and isolated than it was in my brief days in Ottawa. The dismantling of DREE and the Trudeau government's plan to trim transfer payments to the provinces by \$3.2 billion to \$4.5 billion over the next five years point toward less, not more, co-operation with the provinces.

In short, fed-bashing, never completely out of fashion since the days of Joseph Howe, is back in style, with a vengeance. In the interests of fair play and National Unity, it should be pointed out that the federal government, more than ever before, is spreading its wings wider than Ottawa and Hull and its droppings are liberally fertilizing some fallow ground in the Atlantic provinces.

It all started when the late Dan MacDonald promised to move his entire Department of Veterans Affairs from Ottawa to Charlottetown. He died before the transfer could be completed, but his successor, fellow Islander and

Liberal Bennett Campbell, will loyally see to the move.

Then, Nova Scotia's Allan J. MacEachen promised to transfer the philatelic section of Canada Post to Antigonish. During the Joe Clark interregnum, the pledge was abruptly cancelled. Back in office, MacEachen just as promptly reiterated his intention to make Antigonish the stamp capital of Canada. When the move is finally made, probably about the time of the next election, there'll be 400 new jobs in the Finance minister's constituency of Cape Breton Highlands-Canso.

Not to be outdone, New Brunswick's Roméo LeBlanc created the Gulf region of the Department of Fisheries and

"You have to hand it to the Trudeau Liberals; they've raised pork-barrelling to an art form"

Oceans. Most of the administration of the Gulf of St. Lawrence fishery had previously been done in Quebec. The site LeBlanc chose for the 200 new jobs? Memramcook, in his own riding of Westmorland-Kent.

Naturally, Revenue Minister William Rompkey, Newfoundland's representative in the Trudeau cabinet, couldn't be left out. Since his constituency of Grand Falls-White Bay-Labrador was hardly suitable, he located his new taxation centre in St. John's. This meant 350 jobs for Newfoundland, but it also involved a loss of jobs in district taxation offices in Halifax and Saint John, as well as in Ottawa.



Less impressive in job terms, but nevertheless some help in holding a shaky seat for Nova Scotia Liberal MP Coline Campbell, was the announcement that the publication and distribution section of the Canadian Government Office of Tourism will move from Ottawa to Yarmouth. Campbell's riding, South Western Nova, has a distressing habit of alternating between Liberal and Conservative. Forty jobs are involved.

The latest announcement of an impending departmental transfer came in January when Secretary of State Gerald Regan, Nova Scotia's number two cabinet minister, said that part of the citizenship registration branch of his department will be moved from Hull, Que., to Sydney. The transfer, to be completed by the end of 1983, will create 120 jobs, most of them to be filled by local people.

The move, Regan said, was part of the federal government's decentralization policy. It also fulfills a 1980 campaign pledge by Russell MacLellan, Liberal MP for Cape Breton-The Sydneys, a seat whose recent history has been far more Tory than Grit. It was ironic that immediately above *The Chronicle-Herald's* story announcing the transfer was an Atlantic Plus advertisement which said, "Put pork on your fork." Pork, indeed.

Call it decentralization or pork-barrelling, these roses smell sweet by any name—if you're a Liberal MP or live in the favored area. If you're a Tory or New Democrat or live somewhere else, the odor is more likely to be that of sour grapes—or rancid pork. It used to be that pork-barrelling took simpler forms—a job for a relative here, a road or a breakwater there. You have to hand it to the Trudeau Liberals; they've raised pork-barrelling to an art form. They're making a movable feast out of the public service. The theory apparently is that if you can't figure out a way of easing unemployment, you shuffle the jobs around to where they—and votes—are most needed.

I can't quarrel with the practice. For years, we Maritimers were being fed baloney while Ottawa and Hull were eating high off the hog. Now, it's our turn—even if the chops are still being cut too thin.

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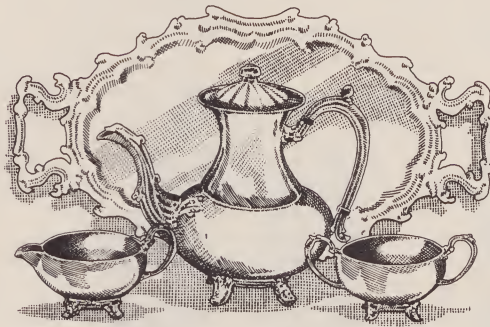
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Prehistoric man stars in a one-of-a-kind epic

Quest for Fire is a movie about mankind's most basic instincts. It's absorbing, thrilling and original. It's even Canadian. Sort of

By Martin Knelman

A funny thing happened to *Quest for Fire* on its way to Hollywood. It turned into a Canadian movie. Well, half-Canadian anyway. Jean-Jacques Annaud, the French director who won an Academy Award a few years ago for his colonial satire *Black and White in Color*, had been working for years to launch his dream picture—an epic about prehistoric man. In the summer of 1980, he finally had everything in place. A major Hollywood studio, Twentieth Century-Fox, was financing this risky, high-budget epic. After months of choosing the actors and travelling all over the world selecting the animals, Annaud had them all assembled in Iceland, along with a mostly British crew, to begin shooting. Then came the strike of the Screen Actors' Guild—and the picture had to be shut down. Annaud knew that although he could get new actors if necessary, he wouldn't be able to get the animals back. Like opera stars, top showbiz animals are booked years ahead. *Quest for Fire* seemed doomed.

That's when Canadian producer John Kemeny got a tip from his old friend Sherry Lansing, the new president of Twentieth Century-Fox: *Quest for Fire* was available. Fox was looking for an independent producer to pick it up. With his Montreal partner, Denis Heroux, Kemeny was involved in two of the most prestige-laden movies ever produced by Canadians, *Atlantic City* and *Les Plouffe*. But the project he was most eager to do, *Bethune*, had been stalled again.

Kemeny thought that *Quest for Fire* could be changed enough to qualify under the terms of a movie co-production agreement between the governments of France and Canada. He'd worked a similar deal before, with *Atlantic City*.

Kemeny made a tough deal with Fox. They wouldn't see any of their preproduction money until the movie started showing a profit. The British crew were replaced by Canadians, mostly. Much of the location shooting shifted to Canada. (One of the leading players, Rae Dawn Chong, whose father is one-half of Cheech and Chong, happened to be Canadian anyway.)

After the shotgun marriage of Kemeny and Jean-Jacques Annaud, *Quest for Fire* moved on. Annaud got the idea after reading J.H. Rosny's book *La Guerre de feu* (*The Fire War*). He wanted to make a movie about basic human emotions and drives—so basic they predate civilization. He settled on the notion of a prehistoric epic that would have a universal language. There would be no dubbing, no subtitles. Annaud travelled extensively, choosing authentic locations. And he brought in consultants no less eminent than Anthony Burgess and Desmond Morris to devise, respectively, a language and a set of gestures.

This is how Morris described the sort of body language he developed for the movie: "When two humans meet, they tend in most cultures to shake hands. Now, when two apes or two chimps meet, they don't shake hands. They reach out and press the knuckles on the back of the limp hand to the lips of the other ape. What I did—and of course, it's only a guess, not serious science—was give them a greeting gesture that had a basic kind of validity. I combined the ape gesture with the modern gesture and suggested that instead of clasping each other's palms and touching the back of the limp hand to the lips, the tribesmen should touch the backs of their hands to each other. Not only is this a hybrid gesture, it is also a slightly

more cautious gesture. I don't actually give you a chance to grab hold of my hand that way." The actors spent a lot of time at zoos, learning how to walk chimp-style—bent forward at the hip, knees flexed, elbows turned outward.

The producers asked Burgess, who had brought off a literary tour de force by writing much of *A Clockwork Orange* in a garbled language, to create a suitable spoken primitive language that would be more than a mess of grunts and snarls. Burgess was determined the characters would not speak anything like fractured English. His assumption was that prehistoric man spoke a language that was lost because man had not found a way to write it down.

The production began in October, 1980. The locations ranged from Kenya (where the temperature at the time was 115 degrees) to frozen heaths in Scotland. Most of the Canadian shooting was in Ontario's Bruce Peninsula, but there were also sequences in Alberta badlands and British Columbia rain forests.

The story is basic—archetypal, you might say. Three warriors set out on a journey to retrieve their life-sustaining possession—fire—after it is lost in a fierce battle. Their trip pits them against savage warriors of other tribes, vicious animals, dangerous terrain. On their way, the warriors rescue a beautiful woman from a cannibal tribe. Her tribe, grateful for her safe return, teach the warriors how to make fire from scratch. One of the warriors falls in love with her. She becomes pregnant.

The experience of making the movie was just too much for some of the participants. After three days in the marsh, the actors went to their union complaining about chills, abrasions, and skin ravaged by paint and glue. One actor playing a tribal idiot who commits underwater suicide was taken to hospital after his ordeal and diagnosed as hypothermic. The actors demanded—and got—stunt bonuses after that.

The actors worked naked, wearing only skins and furs. Some days they had to spend 17 hours standing up to their necks in freezing swamps. Most of the men wear bear and wolf skins, while the women wear cat, coyote, fox and wild-dog skins. Winnipeg designer John Hay deliberately picked third-quality Hudson's Bay furs, then added dye, wax, soap and rolled oats to make them look grottier.

There were a few minor problems with the animals. One elephant ate its costume. A wolf bit its trainer. A herd of elephants from India veered off their path into a bog and had to be rescued by having planks inserted under their feet.

If all this sounds like movie madness, the good news is that on the big screen (70mm), it works magnificently, excitingly well. *Quest for Fire* is like no movie anyone has ever seen before. It is so authoritative, so compelling, so authentic, you don't question any of the details. You enter its world, accept its terms of reference and become completely absorbed. This is a thrilling, one-of-a-kind experience that achieves the miracle of putting the audience in touch with its own most basic instincts. There's a raw energy about this movie. What's shockingly new about the sex in it is that people do it like animals, and without any special need for privacy.

No wonder people went mad for the movie in France, where it pulled in more than \$6 million in its first three weeks, outdoing *Superman*, James Bond and *Raiders of the Lost Ark*. Reaching for the poetic, *L'Express* (the *Time* magazine of France) called it "a film about the birth of the soul."

In case that sounds a bit off-puttingly high-minded, let me put it this way: *Quest for Fire* is really something to see. And it's even Canadian. Sort of.



Everett McGill as a prehistoric warrior

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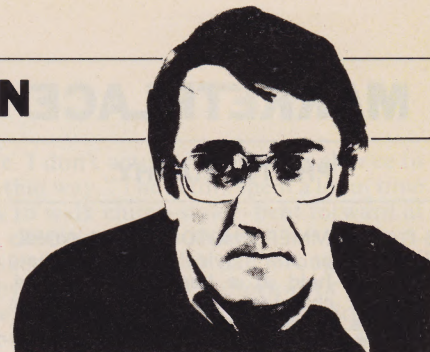
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At long last Newfoundland has a director of decorum

He's a man named Collins, who used to climb telephone poles. And the best of luck to him

Mercy knew, Newfoundland stood in great need of a government chief of protocol but when we finally got one earlier this winter some folks asked, "Why Harold Collins?" Premier Peckford said Mr. Collins had got the tap because he'd been a minister in the Moores cabinet and thus knew the niceties of deportment at swell affairs. But any resemblance between the Moores administration and the court of the Emperor Franz Josef was not altogether remarkable. The more refined among the group uncorked their bottles but most of them chewed the necks off.

It couldn't have been political patronage, either, that fetched Mr. Collins his new posting because Mr. Peckford has sworn on all the Bibles in White Bay that such naughtiness has been swept from the face of the land...and no one has dared to peek under the carpet. Then someone remembered that before he was called to politics, Mr. Collins had climbed poles for the telephone company. Who better suited, then, to fetching the more spirited of our cabinet ministers down from the chandeliers in the later hours of state banquets? Mr. Collins and the official cherry picker promise us a decorum not yet seen at these affairs. His appointment was belatedly cheered.

Newfoundland has always languished in the diplomatic way largely because the national temperament seems unsuited to coping with the more delicate shadings of civilization. In the time of Mr. Moores, for instance, a campaign was mounted that was to counter anti-seal-hunt propaganda. A group was assembled which then shot off to parts of the world as distant as Frankfurt and San Francisco. The burden of its message was chastely simple: "We're Newfoundlanders. We say the seal hunt is OK. We're here to pound the spit out of anyone who says different." That cut little ice with Brigitte Bardot and Candice Bergen. What was wanted was Mr. Collins to spread around a bit of protocol. He has much experience in charming the cats down from the poles, if not the birds from the skies.

Diplomacy at home has also lacked a finer edge. In the case of the seal hunt, again, only one Newfoundlander spoke against it. He was promptly flung into the lunatic asylum for 30 days' observation and since he got out has been selling seal flippers, in season, at an open air market off Water Street.

Perhaps Newfoundland's most famous attempt at image polishing involves the vessel the *Norma and Gladys*. She's been fitted out as a sort of floating repository of the best of Newfoundland culture. A pretty little craft she is, too, and her only blemish seems to be a decided reluctance to float. When not allowed to sink at will, she shows a pugnacious streak and hurls herself into the nearest cliff or lighthouse around. Needless to say, the *Norma and Gladys* has had more captains than France has had presidents. Finally, a God-fearing teetotalling skipper was found and for a while was thought to be the answer.

The crew, however, took an undiplomatic view of a dry ship and while on a good will tour of Scandinavia cut such shines as they sailed up the Skagerrak and sailed down the Kattegat that the Canadian embassy in Helsinki whipped off a frantic message to Ottawa: "If *Norma and Gladys* reaches Leningrad World War III imminent." Homeward bound after her aborted good will tour, the *Norma and Gladys* ran into a stiffish breeze. Her captain of the month locked himself in his cabin to commune with his Maker. A day or so later when the door was kicked in, it took some time to uncurl his fingers, one by one, from the bunk frame.

Mr. Collins has not got an easy row to hoe. We need much close drill in the courtly minuets on shore as well as afloat. Royal visits present pitfalls: Once when the Princess Royal visited here in the *Britannia* and gave a fête on board, a minister of the Crown was caught trying to leave unobtrusively with two ashtrays in his pockets and a life ring around his neck. A Supreme Court justice came down the gangway all aglow after his social intercourse with royalty, jumped into his car at quayside and rammed the vehicle halfway up the Court House steps.

Last time the Queen Mum graciously paid us a visit the temporary protocol officer had to place himself under a physician's care because of a nervous disorder. At the Government House garden party, a St. John's City Father peed into the shrubberies and this set off an avalanche of like action by guests who took the councillor—who in his early days had once visited Boston—as an exemplar of etiquette.

One of the empty aftershave bottles

being pitched into the herbaceous perennials narrowly missed a lady in waiting, and the relative of a prominent politician (as prominent as you can get) shouted out: "Queen Mother. Pheet! Hey, Queen Mother, would you stand over there by Dad so's I can take your snap."

Someone asked the Earl of Dalhousie if they called him early in the morning or early in the afternoon and a privy councillor pitched one of the lieutenant-governor's dogs through the greenhouse roof.

The road to some semblance of Old Vienna will be a long and rocky one, I fear, and before Mr. Collins convinces us to stop drinking wine straight out of the bottles he must first curtail the frolicsome custom of flinging Cornish hens back and forth across the banqueting tables. Harry Hibbs'll have to be brought up to the standards of Johann Strauss the Younger, and the quicker the black velvet paintings of wide-eyed urchins are got out of the premier's official residence the better.

In times past we've tried importing social graces from abroad. Lord Taylor, for example, was hired to lend tone as president of Memorial University. He was no more immune to gaucheries than the rest of us. Michael Cook tells of the time the American poet Robert Lowell was brought here to be soired. His lordship's taste in literature ran to British boys' adventures. But the night before the gala bunfight he rummaged through *Bartlett's Quotations* and found a bit of verse by Lowell's grandad which he mistook for a poem by the birthday boy.

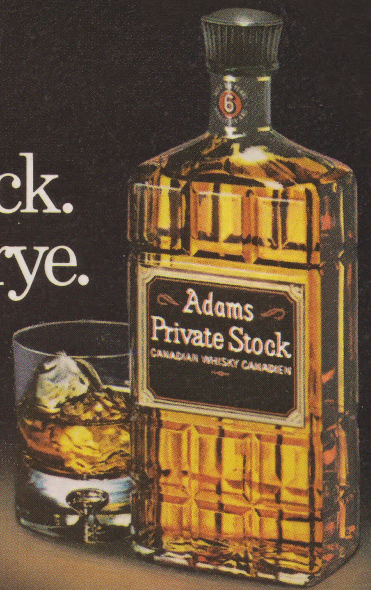
"Scush me, your lordship," says Lowell at the head table, he being bombed out of his poetical gourd as usual, "but I didn't write that at all."

"Probably some of your early work old chap," said his lordship, blandly. "Probably some of your *very* early work"...and he plowed ahead serenely.

Slight hitches like that should be a piece of cake for our new protocol officer, Mr. Collins, who was probably called on more than once to disconnect the telephone of a disgusted former Liberal mother of eight and lived to tell the tale.

Since his appointment several months ago I hear that Mr. Collins has been hard at it rehearsing the cabinet for a visit from a delegation of sheiks in early spring. From all reports, most of them are already dab hands at eating stewed sheep's eyeballs from the blade of a knife. ☒

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